

6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—Wednesday, October 28 1953

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

THE LONDON OMNIBUS

A vehicle of information



During the 1880's this horse-drawn Omnibus could be seen transporting the public between Hammersmith and Charing Cross.

Many years even before that, another London Omnibus was started by The London Assurance, an "omnibus" collection of all kinds of insurance policies for all kinds of people. Here are a few of them.

LIFE AND LIMB

Both may be insured by our Personal Accidents Policy. The less hazardous your occupation, the less you pay for this policy's varied and valuable benefits.

GLASS BREAKS

We have been aware of this for some time — notably since we instituted our Plate Glass Policy, the popularity of which leads us to suspect that others are also aware of it.

THREE-SCORE YEARS AND — WHAT?

In life's later years much comfort may be found in an Annuity. To those interested, we are happy to say that our Annuity Rates now are better than ever.

P.S.

If you would know more about any of the policies outlined here, if we can provide information about any other policies or about insurance problems generally — pray make what use of us you wish. Our address is 1, King William Street, Department U.I., London, E.C.4.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

"Very good people to deal with"

Incorporated by Royal Charter

A.D. 1720



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Perfect for Parties, Theatres or Television

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**EASIER, QUICKER
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CANNON A.125
Britain's Best Cooker
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SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

TOWARDS THE NEW FASHION LINE NO. 2



Wonderful clothes, the "newest look" clothes! Sleek, body-moulding clothes. Wonderful to look at, even more wonderful to wear. But you must have a slim, natural figure for them. Have you? If you've doubts, start with this simple exercise for reducing the shoulders and upper arms:



STRAIGHT TIP:

There's always

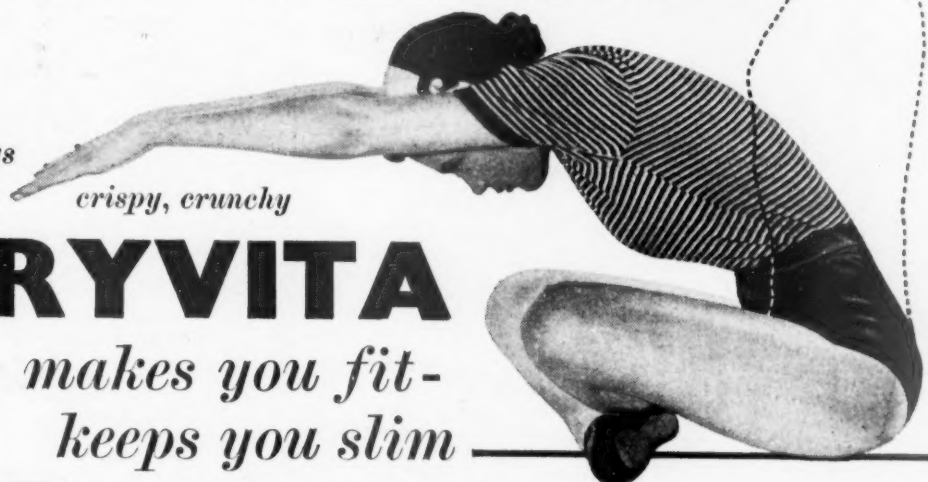
crispy, crunchy

RYVITA

*makes you fit-
keeps you slim*



* **FREE** illustrated booklet, "SLIMMING TO FASHION," with complete course of 12 special exercises is now available. Just write to RYVITA Co. (Dept. Y2), Parkstone, Dorset



Ten
minutes

MASSAGE

daily...

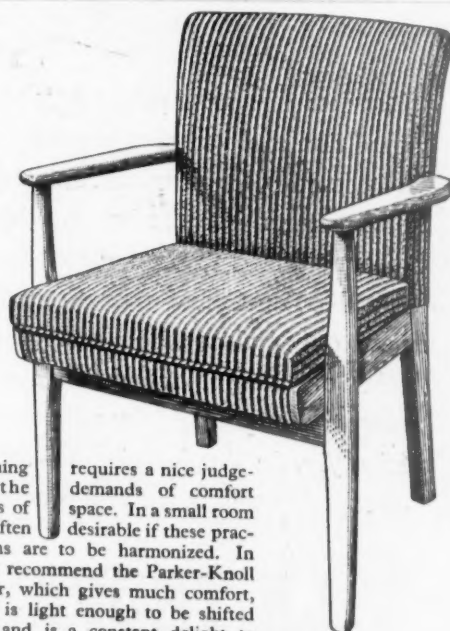
PIFCO
ELECTRIC VIBRATORY
Massager



Obtainable at good-class Chemists, Electricians and Stores, 81/3d. **FREE BOOKLET:** Write for a free copy of "The Benefits of Massage", illustrated, interesting, helpful to men and women of any age. Pifco Ltd., Watling Street, Manchester, 4.

Rome wasn't built in a day. BUT the foundations of good health and healthy vitality can be built and maintained by just ten minutes' enjoyable treatment daily. When you have the time or the inclination, in the privacy of your own room, ten minutes with the Pifco Vibratory Massager will stimulate the circulation, soothe away those aches and pains and make you feel "fit for anything". It is good for rheumatism or headaches, tired muscles and aching feet. It is a natural beauty treatment; it promotes a healthy scalp and a head of lovely hair.

Space and scale



The art of furnishing requires a nice judgement between the demands of comfort and the exigencies of space. In a small room desirable if these practical considerations are to be harmonized. In such instances we recommend the Parker-Knoll "Langford" chair, which gives much comfort, takes little space, is light enough to be shifted without exertion and is a constant delight to the eye.

You are invited to inspect all Parker-Knoll chairs at their London Showrooms—13 Henrietta Place, Cavendish Square. Alternatively you can write for their illustrated folder to Dept.A.16 Parker-Knoll Ltd., High Wycombe.

P.K. 733 "LANGFORD"
Tapestry "A"
£6. 15. 0
(In Moquette £7. 7. 0)

PARKER-KNOLL

PARKER-KNOLL LTD
HIGH WYCOMBE

Wherever fine cigars are smoked—
This Jar makes NEWS!

Pan-Climatic Jars
 of 25 (in three sizes)
 DIPLOMATS... 4½ ins.
 PETIT CORONAS... 5 ins.
 CORONAS... 5½ ins.
 also available in the
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The new Pan-Climatic Jar
 is screwcapped,
 completely proof against
 atmospheric change
 and lined with cedar.

Now, you can *know* your cigars are in perfect condition and will stay in perfect condition. The famous La Tropical Jamaica cigars are first matured in cedar boxes. When the peak of condition is reached, the cigars are transferred to Pan-Climatic jars. From then on, you need only replace the lid each time a cigar is taken out. Faultless condition is assured. You must try for yourself the difference it makes. 25 perfect La Tropical cigars — each smoking as superbly well as the best you ever enjoyed!

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DE LUXE

Finest Jamaica Cigars

Sole Importers—Lambert and Butler of Drury Lane
 Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited

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Travel by the 12.30 pm train from London (Victoria)
 and arrive the next day...

... FRANCE

CHAMONIX	10. 2 am
LA CLUSAZ	9.10 am
MEGEVE	9.30 am
MORZINE	10.10 am
VAL D'ISERE	11. 0 am

... AUSTRIA

KITZBUHEL	2.51 pm
LECH	12.50 pm
ST. ANTON	11.43 am
ZELL AM SEE	3.47 pm

... SWITZERLAND

ANDERMATT	11. 0 am
DAVOS	10.35 am
ENGELBERG	10.42 am
GRINDELWALD	10.48 am
GSTAAD	10.14 am
KANDERSTEG	10.17 am

KLOSTERS	10. 1 am
MURREN	11.10 am
PONTRESINA	11.53 am
ST. MORITZ	11.45 am
WENGEN	10.49 am
ZERMATT	11.17 am

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 soda makes the
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A.E.I. (Associated Electrical Industries) is a group of British companies that breed ideas, train men and handle success. They work individually and together, pooling their ideas and their research. They have been first in field after field, first in invention, development, quality. Last year they made goods worth seventy million pounds—and much of this production was sold abroad.

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*For everything electrical, from a turbine to a torch bulb, think first of the family of **AEI** Companies*

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Austin—the show-stealers!

Again this brilliant range, this famous family of cars, draws the big crowds. Again the styling, the comfort, the engineering stand out and away. Again Austin sets people talking.

and my car! A40 SOMERSET

The world's most popular car—and rightly. Record-breaking 42 b.h.p. O.H.V. engine. Comfort amounting to luxury.



See them at

STAND 158 Earls Court

See the quality and you'll say

AUSTIN—that's my car!



and my car!

A30 SEVEN Introducing the new 2-door version of the world's best-loved car! Takes four and luggage, fast and economically. There's a 4-door version, too.

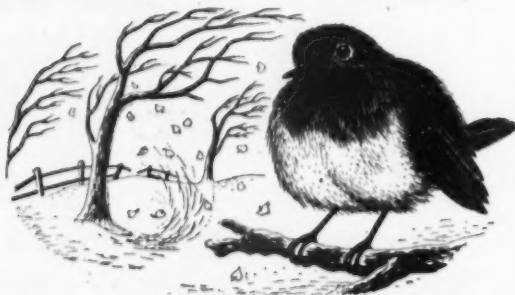
and your car!

Other Austin models: the A40 Somerset Coupe; the A70 Hereford; the A125 Sheerline; and also the A135 Princess models (See these on the Vanden Plas Stand—No. 102).

—you can depend on it!



*Don't wait till
the north wind doth blow—*



FILL UP WITH BLUECOL DOUBLE SAFETY NOW!

From October to April, you can never be sure there won't be a sudden frost that can damage your cooling system, cost you at least £30 for repairs and deprive you of your car for several weeks. So fill up early with Bluecol, the doubly safe anti-freeze, and enjoy complete immunity from the risk of frost damage throughout the winter. Bluecol protects cooling systems against even 35° of frost, and against rusting and similar chemical action because it contains TP 291, Smiths special inhibitor. That's what makes Bluecol the doubly safe anti-freeze.

BLUECOL

THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

one of **SMITHS** accessories for better motoring

How many days*
do we have frost?

1-4 days

in **OCTOBER**

6-7 days

in **NOVEMBER**

9-3 days

in **DECEMBER**

* Average figures recorded at Kew Observatory over 26 years.



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The Sherry Superb

PRODUCE OF SPAIN 23/- PER BOTTLE

SOLE IMPORTERS: GALE LISTER & CO. LTD., LEEDS 2



After Dinner Speeches...

"Up to seventy you are young, from seventy to seventy-five elderly. But over seventy-five you become distinguished."

Sir Charles B. Cochran

An *"Embassy"*
cigar speaks for itself

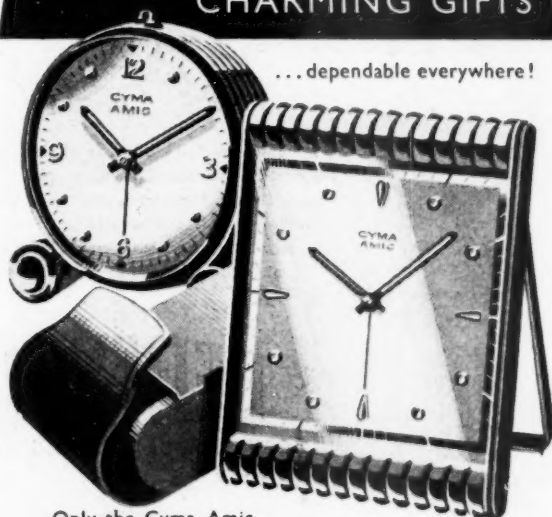


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Many occasions call for Johnnie Walker. After work; home from a day's sport; when you meet friends, or entertain them. Johnnie Walker is such a smooth, mellow and satisfying Scotch whisky with a specially clean, refreshing taste. It gives pleasure all round.

*So always look for
the square bottle.*



Maximum prices as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association.

**in clubs — in pubs
in bars — in cars
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*whatever the day's activities
PESCO underwear is the
discriminating man's close
and sympathetic companion*

If your idea of masculine underwear is that it should be snug, warm, superb in styling and entirely complementary to the cut of your outer clothing — then *you*, Sir, are a discriminating man. None other than PESCO can satisfy your demands.

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*"I'm awfully glad
we bought a
REDFYRE"*

We knew that the Redfyre kept in all night, that it was wonderfully economical, burning coal, coke or any fuel we could get. But until we saw it we hadn't realised that it was so attractive. From that moment there was no other fire for us — and oh! what a boon it's been!



THE
REDFYRE
REGD
CONTINUOUS BURNING FIRE

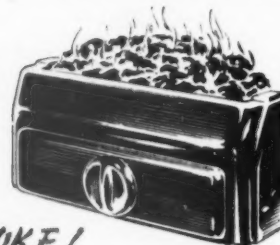


BY DAY



BY NIGHT

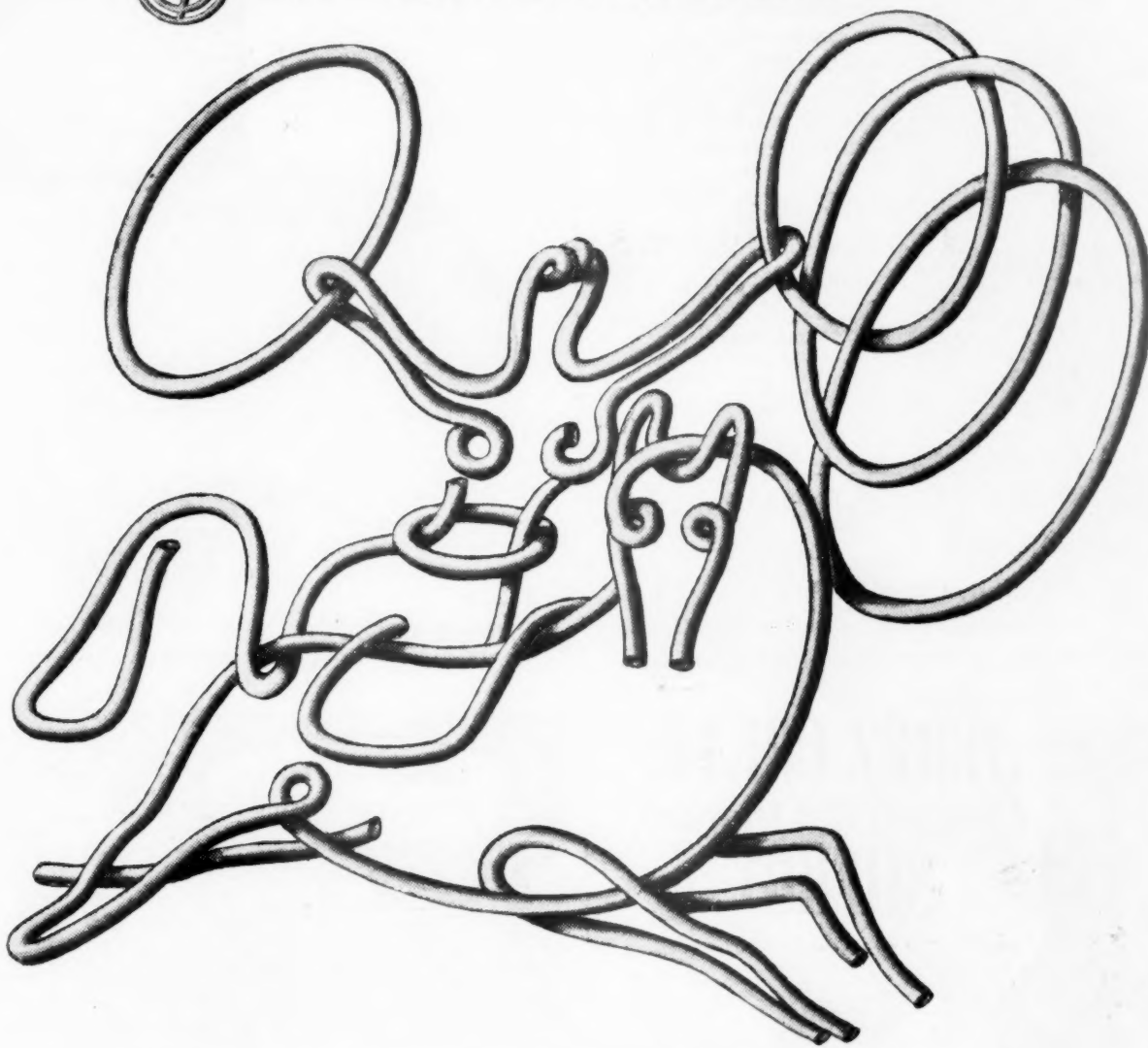
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From your local dealer — or send a postcard to:

Newton Chambers & Co. Ltd., Thorncliffe, Nr. Sheffield

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TI, through its range of manufactures, is concerned with the details of mechanical movement . . . from the speed of a plane flying faster than sound to the power of a truck shifting ten times its weight . . . from the flash of a bicycle downhill to the ceaseless activity of some very small component, so balanced that it does not appear to be moving at all.

TI is a group of interrelated engineering companies whose manufacturing activities are wide, including precision tubes, components for cars and ships, aeroplanes, locomotives, wrought aluminium, bicycles, metal sections, pressure vessels, electrical equipment and appliances, mechanical handling, machine tools, gland packings, bus body framing and seating, paints, road signs, tubular furniture.



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"LEONARD" Thermostatic Mixing Valves save fuel and water. They are fitted to showers, baths and basins, in schools, hospitals, camps, ships, factories and used in many industries where constant water temperature is essential. Most Architects and Engineers know and recommend "LEONARD" Valves.



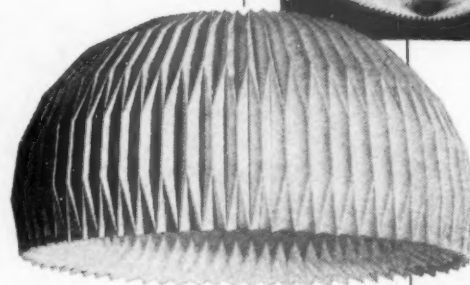
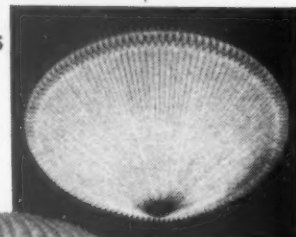
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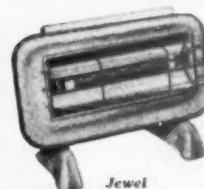


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**"Rich and Fragrant,
how truly named—
is it expensive?"**



"Quite the reverse! It's most economical!"

"How much does it cost?"

"1/4d. per quarter lb. That works out at a little more than 1/4d. a cup."

"1/4d. a cup! Good heavens, it *is* economical. It would be cheap at four times the price. What do you call it?"

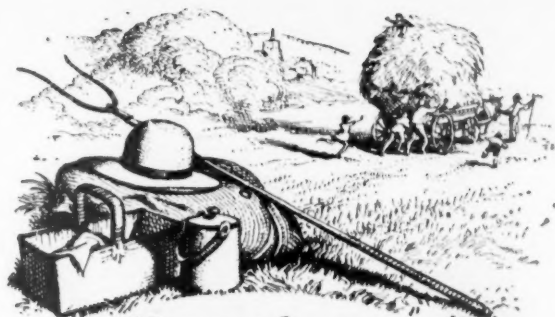
"Rich and Fragrant. It's a wonderful buy. And tea, remember, compares more than favourably in price with all other drinks."



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HORNIMANS
"Rich and Fragrant"

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SHEPHERDESS WALK, LONDON, N.1 Established 1826



Harvest home...

Now men enjoy the fruits of their labours and give thanks for the rain that came when the corn was green and delayed when it was ripe.

The prodigal richness of Harvest-home is contained in a wonderful biscuit made by Meredith & Drew, and aptly named "Rich Harvest". Here grain, butter and eggs are

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Containing all that is best, "Rich Harvest" naturally costs a little more, but no-one will grudge that little extra once he has sampled its bountiful goodness.



**Rich
Harvest**

Formerly "Large Digestive"

BISCUITS

Pre-wrapped in transparent

"See What you Buy" packets.

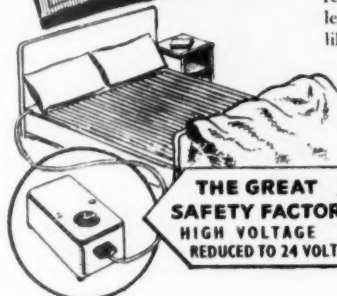
1/2d

HALF LB.

CVS-114

Comfy Bedtime!

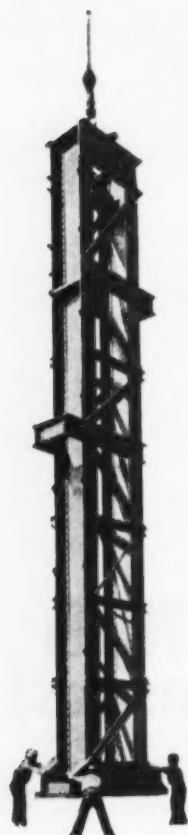
NO BOTTLES TO FILL



The WINDAK Blanket is always ready in the bed waiting to give "all-over-the-bed" warmth . . . a welcome to sleep. And you can sleep with the WINDAK switched on—ideal for chills and aches—because its special transformer reduces high voltage to a harmless 24 volts. (We should have liked to do away with the expensive transformer but it is a safety factor which makes WINDAK unrivalled). Three heats are provided—high, medium and low. Current consumption of this unique SAFETY electric blanket is small. There are double, single and twin-bed models.

Send a post card today for full descriptive leaflet with prices and the name of your nearest Windak stockist.

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STRUCTURAL STEEL
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Available in a variety of finishes from pig-skin or crocodile to 18 ct. gold and priced from as little as £28.15.0, most *ermeto* watches are wound automatically, simply by the opening and closing of the case.



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the highly prized watch

● 168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS

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When you see a Wolseley Six Eighty outside a house, you can place its owner as a man whose standing with his neighbours is high. For, over and above the smooth and effortless performance of this six cylinder car, its roominess, its soothing suspension and the comfort of its interior appointments—car heater, controlled ventilation, twin interior lights, etc.—it has a distinction and character which is, somehow, eloquent of its owner's standing in life.

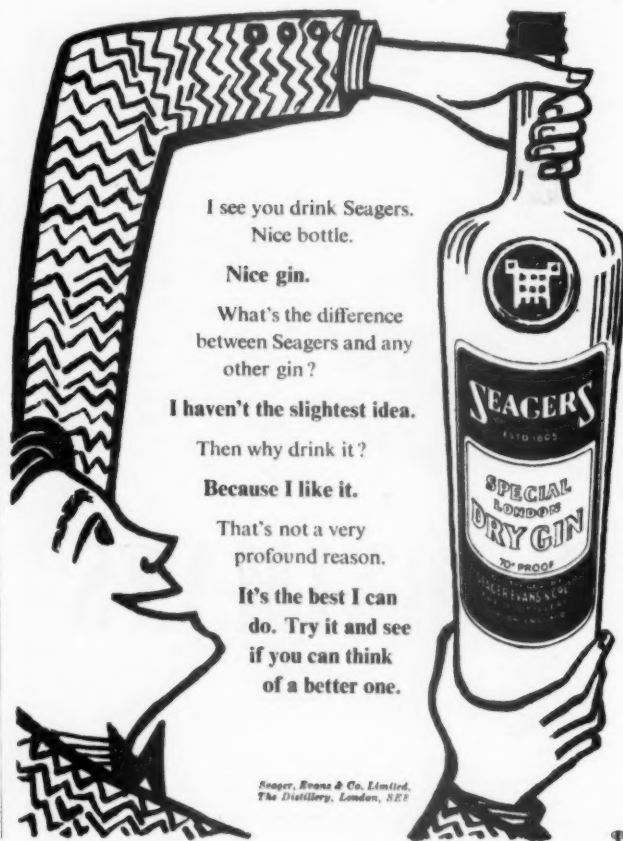


Buy wisely—buy

The Wolseley Six Eighty. There is also the Wolseley Four Fortyfour.

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London Showrooms: 12, Berkeley Street, W.1 Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41, Piccadilly, London, W.1



I see you drink Seagers.
Nice bottle.

Nice gin.

What's the difference
between Seagers and any
other gin?

I haven't the slightest idea.

Then why drink it?

Because I like it.

That's not a very
profound reason.

It's the best I can
do. Try it and see
if you can think
of a better one.

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillery, London, S.E.2

Punch, October 28 1933



'Clydella' Comfort . . . for the Household Cavalry!

A CAVALRY CHARGE from the bedroom, mountaineering and tobogganing on the stairs . . . heroic activities like these may play havoc in the house, but they won't hurt *Clydella* Pyjamas.

There's a wonderful sense of wellbeing in wearing 'Clydella' . . . shirts, as well as pyjamas . . . soft, warm texture that nothing changes,

sure protection against chills at any time of the year—and in *your* style and colour.

Fathers and sons, even unbending elder brothers, respond to 'Clydella' Comfort. Mother makes sure of it for the whole family . . . from the day they're born. She knows 'Clydella' garments are the best, most lasting value the shops

can offer; and they have the *best possible* washing guarantee, IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE.

You will be glad you bought Clydella when the cold nights set in. Clydella pyjamas are wonderful economy—for Small Sons (sizes 22-36 ins.) from 31 6d.; for Fathers and Elder Brothers (sizes 38-44 ins. chest) at 59 6d.

There's nothing to equal
'Clydella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE WEAVER OF 'TODDIE' AND 'BAXTER'
WILSON & LOUGHER, LTD., LONDON

finis
'this is a lovely car'

Zephyr **ZODIAC**



THE ZEPHYR ZODIAC—new luxury version of the famous car that won the 1953 Monte Carlo rally. The Zodiac is for connoisseurs of motoring; it is a leader amongst cars of today, built to deserve the instant admiration it will always command.

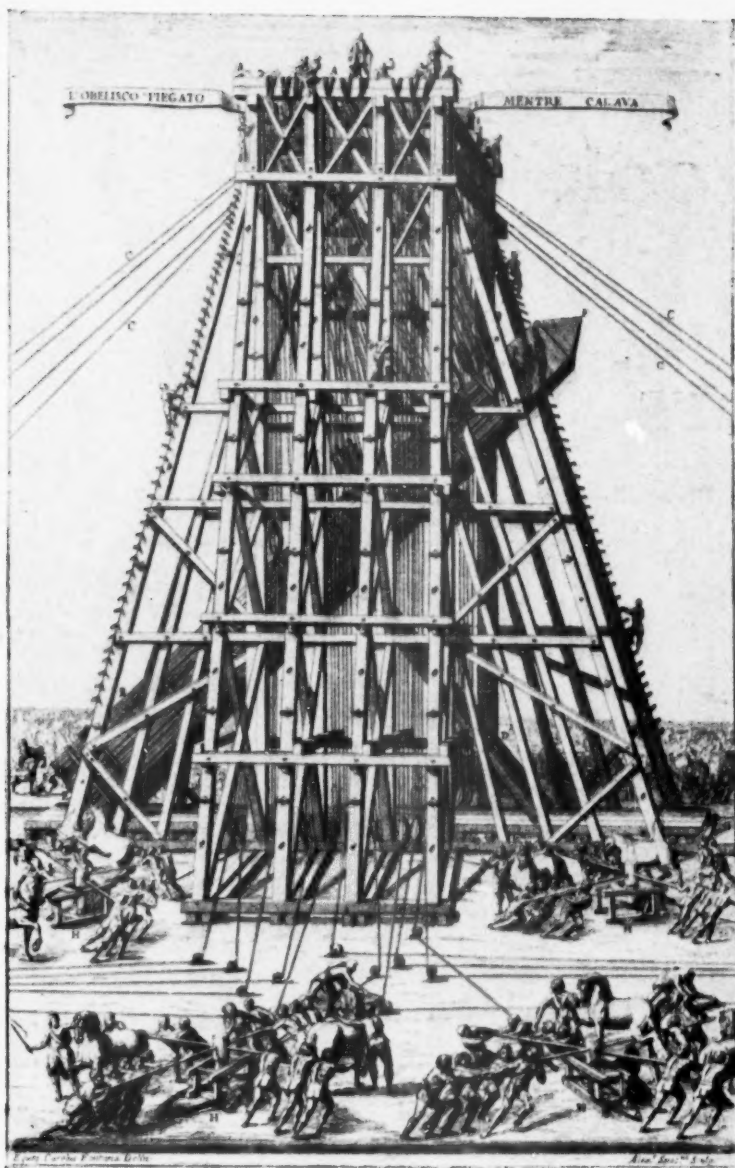


Ford

'5-Star' motoring



EARLS COURT • STAND No. 137



"Acqua alle corde!" The Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana's engraving gives some idea of the splendid grandeur of the operation.

It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment:

"Acqua alle corde!" And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day.

These days the builder works with far more manageable materials. Some of the most versatile are made by the Building Boards Division of the Bowater Organisation. Made from compressed wood fibre, these boards are used, among a thousand other uses, as insulating materials in ceilings, as partitions in houses, as panelling in railway coaches or in ships... all over the world they are essential to the architect and builder of today.

Bowaters

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CORRUGATED FIBREBOARD CONTAINERS • FIBRE DRUMS

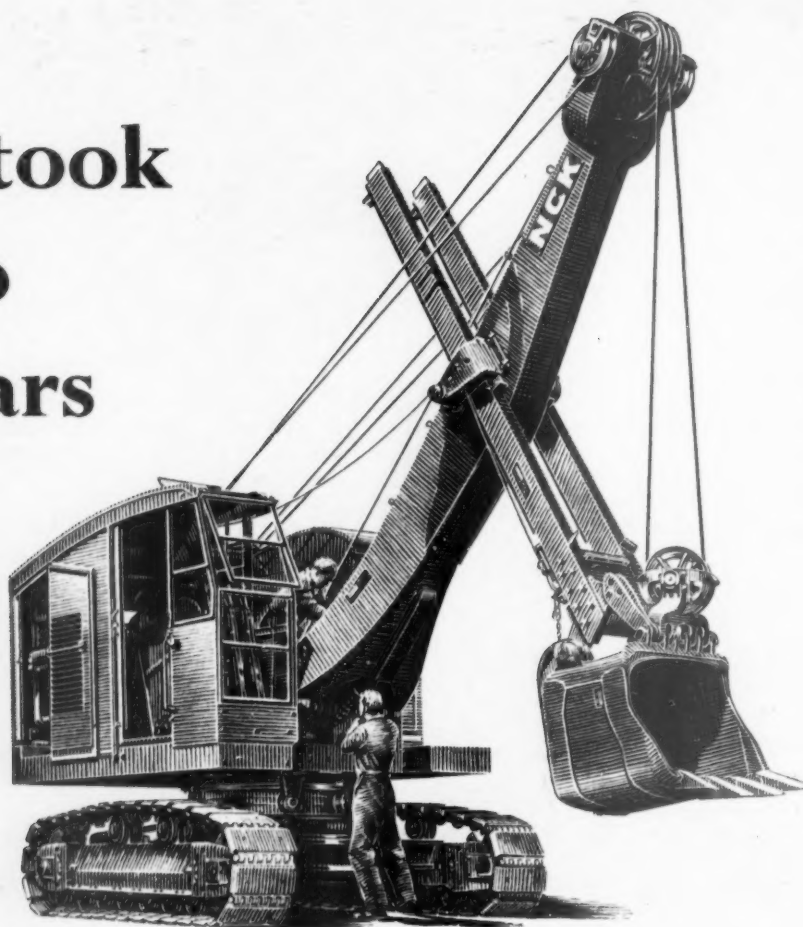


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It took
160
years



The giant excavator has become a symbol of our time, for its function is to help re-shape the world. And excavators made by Newton Chambers are busy from the Arctic to the Antarctic. They are playing a part in projects as varied as the clearing of tropical sites and the recovery of stone from the frozen north for paving the streets of London. They can

be seen at work in every continent, building dams and digging canals, making roads, laying out housing estates and factory sites. And modern though it is, a Newton Chambers excavator owes much of its efficiency and success to the skill and experience accumulated at Thorncliffe over the past 160 years.

Newton Chambers

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HEAVY CONSTRUCTIONAL ENGINEERING, EXCAVATORS, INDUSTRIAL AND DOMESTIC HEATING APPLIANCES, FUEL ECONOMISERS, IZAL AND OTHER CHEMICAL PRODUCTS.



CHARIVARIA

PROFESSOR PICCARD'S bathyscaph, which recently took him down ten thousand feet to the bottom of the Tyrrhenian Sea, is called the *Trieste*; this seems to have been overlooked by the Foreign Office officials working on the Rome-Belgrade deadlock. Surely, an ingeniously-worded invitation to Signor Pella and President Tito might clear up the whole thing?

So far the police have failed to trace the thief who last week stole, in Old Oak Lane, Willesden, a lorry carrying fifty-five oxygen cylinders. He can now breathe easily.

The Assistant Postmaster-General has advised business men to leave their offices sometimes and "ring themselves up," thus discovering what impression their organization is giving the outside world. Any business man worth his salt should get hopping mad at being told that the boss is out and nobody knows where.



The chief of a motor manufacturing firm making small, inexpensive cars has said that we shall all be motorists soon. Those of us converted at last from life-long pedestrianism will find it pretty disappointing not to have any pedestrians to go at.

Two tall blocks of flats in Islington are to be named Tensing House and Hillary House. Postmen serving the district are demanding to be roped together before making the ascent.

When his neighbours switch on their television sets, complains a letter writer in the *Evening News*, his sound radio receiver begins to whistle. Miss Sylvia Peters, we understand, is blushing prettily.

The National Union of Retail Tobacconists plans to present to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a petition to reduce the excessively high tobacco duty, signed by ten million smokers. A difficulty is that, owing to the excessively high tobacco duty, there may not be ten million smokers.



The achievement of the Suffolk fruit-growing firm which has perfected a fruit tree producing five varieties of apple comes a little late in the day. Confronted by such a choice in the garden of Eden, Eve might never have been able to make up her mind.

No one was injured when the ceiling of a London cinema collapsed the other day. But the customers had a nasty shock when the removal of their 3D spectacles failed to restore things to normal.



News that station announcers receive training at a British Railways school in Stratford shows that proper attention is being officially given to this important aspect of railway-manship. Perhaps the acousticians who did such valuable work at the Royal Albert Hall will now be called in at Waterloo.



IN future wars, I suppose, before any fighting begins, there will be a mass attack of shock troops from either side with hands raised and crying "Comrade!", their pockets stuffed with literature; and these impressionable souls will be guided by the less cultured troops into ideological cages. There they will be sorted out and a division made between those who have a genuine belief in the propaganda of their opponents, those who are Secret Service men or *agents provocateurs*, and those who have merely come over for a change of climate and food.

But all prisoners alike will be subjected to unending lectures designed to point out that freedom is only possible in one set of ideological cages and not in the other.

It is a pity, it seems to me, that owing to the advance of university education all over the world these lectures will be delivered with the utmost fluency in the language desired. I should have preferred, for instance, as between East and West, to think that the old barriers of speech had not been broken down by academic zeal. I should have liked, in short, to hear a man being indoctrinated with Communism in what was once the only tongue common to Anglo-Saxons and Chinese. I mean, of course, pidgin English. It is a great language, but dying, they tell me, or dead. Its beauty can be judged by one or two easy examples:

Little Jack Horner

*Makee sit inside corner,
Chow-chow he Clismas pie;
He put inside t'um,
Hab catchee one plum,
"Hai yah! What one good chilo my!"*

But there is more pathos in *Excelsior*:
*That nighty-tim begin chop-chop
One young man walkee, no can stop.*

RUBBING IT IN

*Maskee snow, maskee ice,
He cally flag with chop so nice
Top-side galow!*

And when the maiden bids him stay—stay and rest his weary head upon her breast:

*"Man-man," one girley talkee he,
"What for you go top-side look-see?"*

*And one tim more he plenty cly,
But dilo-tim walkee plenty high,
Top-side galow!*

I really prefer this to the original.

In any case, I suppose that if poetry can be translated into this lingua franca it would be possible to do the same for *Das Kapital*, or as much of it as might be needed in a prisoners' camp by warders of the Flowery Land.

"You likee chow-chow?"

"Not 'arf."

"You likee dlinkee?"

(It should be remembered at this point that the letter R is quite impossible in the Chinese tongue.)

"You hab piecee chow-chow piecee dlinkee when belong in-doclained Kal Muks."

"You piecee well carry on."

"Who man hab top joss pidgin?"

"Search me."

"Kal Muks hab plenty top-joss pidgin. He numba one piecee top fellow."

"Allee righto."

"Massa Lenin allee samee. Massa Stalin allee samee. Allee samee Massa Malenkov first chop numba one popa."

"What about old Beria?"

"Olo Bellia hab bad heart. Belongee too muchee bad heart. Catchee one piecee coffin, die-lo. Olo Bellia he say: 'The more we get togetha the Bellia we shall be.' Massa Malenkov he cookee Olo Bellia's piecee goose."

"O Piecee Kay."

"Massa Mao more better numba one first chop top-side whole piecee cloud. Likee ploletariat velly much. Likee people democacy. Likee freedom. No likee big-fella all cash, glind facee poo-man. Leadee Kal Muks. Leadee Teoly piecee Value. No leadee Kal Muks, no hab chow-chow. No hab dlinkee."

One sees how it would wear away the captives' resistance, like water dropping on a stone. It would be more effective, I believe, than all the fine language, the perfect English of the University graduate. And when the prisoner was tired of plogapanda, his inquisitor might read him a little poetry again, for a rest:

*My name is Norval; on the
Grampian Hills*

*My father feeds his flocks; a frugal
swain . . ."*

That gces in pidgin English:

*My name blong Norval—top-side
that too high mountain*

*My too mutchee olo futa pay that
sheep he chow-chow.*

Or perhaps a few sayings of Confucius.

EVOE

5 5

PUNCH ALMANACK

Punch Almanack for 1954, to be published next Monday, November 2, will contain 48 pages, eight of which are in full colour. Contributors include Dorothy L. Sayers, William Sansom, A. P. H., Gwyn Thomas and many others. Colour drawings by Hoffnung, Ardizzone, Emmett and Smilby, with a coloured cover by Mansbridge, add to the gaiety. The price is 2s. Postal subscribers will receive their copies without application.



"One of those chaps, the moment some new gadget comes out, he's got one."

EXPLANATIONS



Under the terms of the Korean truce agreement nations to which prisoners of war belong were empowered to send representatives to explain to the prisoners "their rights . . . and any matters relating to their return to their homelands, particularly of their full freedom to return home to lead a peaceful life."

A Fortnight with Cement

BY ANTHONY CARSON

I WAS twenty, swaggering my way up to the Northern Territory of Australia. Swaggering is an honourable profession in Australia and an arduous one. The country is enormous, thirsty and primeval. There can be days of monotonous brown earth, and gum trees, without sight of human life, and only a host of fantastic preoccupied animals and birds to keep one company. And they do keep one company. They scream, whistle, jump, juggle and creep like no animals anywhere else, and they drag you back into the lyrical timelessness of pre-history. That is why Australian bushwalkers have that strange far-away look in their eyes—they have been right off the map. Morning after morning I woke up staring into the hysterically inquisitive eyes of an emu, and on one occasion, in Queensland, I strolled for ten minutes with an enormous lizard, seven feet long, which eventually climbed a tree. I was glad of its company.

The sheep and cattle stations welcome swaggers, and are glad of their visits. A dozen empty chairs wait for them in the cookhouse, and in the morning they get a hand-out of flour, bacon, tea, meat and sugar. The Australian swagger, unlike his English counterpart (and I have slept in casual wards) is incredibly optimistic and talks about undiscovered goldfields, forests of precious timber, fruit and well-paid work. It is always further on, another thousand miles, but it is an enormous country and he may find it. He is blackened by sun, contorted by thirst, and stamped with the unearthly monotony of endless horizons. The stations themselves are populated by eccentrics, particularly the fencers, who may live a month among nothing but sheep and end up by talking to them. I met one in New South Wales who put lumps of earth in his drinking water. Raspberry jam sent him mad, and he had invented a dog language. It took him three months back at the home-
stead to put him right.

I had many adventures, and was

becoming absorbed by the vast, beautiful thoughtlessness of the parched land, when I arrived in a small township in Queensland without money but with an enormous thirst. Someone told me that there was a job going. Cementing tanks. But that was not all. The tank-cementer must be able to bake damper. "Damper" is an Australian speciality. It is bread made in an iron pot over a wood fire, and it has to be baked according to a certain recipe, heat and timing. Recklessly I applied for the job. My employer was a short, wiry man with an efficient face, who, I felt at once, was an expert on tank-cementing and the exactitudes of damper. Or rather the taste of damper. "I can't bake the stuff myself," he said, "but I know just how it should be. It's very important that it should be exactly right. Particularly when you mix cement out there where we're going. Damper is the only thing to look forward to." I felt very uneasy about this, because I had never mixed cement or baked damper in my life. But he hired me, and we set off in his battered lorry for the tank country.

This proved to be the most arid place I had yet struck, an inferno of hard red earth dotted with a few sickly gum trees and watered by a small pallid lagoon covered with scum. The tanks were colossal and radiated the semi-tropical heat of the sun. Turn by turn we drove off to a sandpit, loaded up, and drove back. Then we mixed the cement inside the huge oven of the tank until I began to feel like stewed steak. After two sweltering hours my employer cocked an eye at me. "Better get to work on the damper," he said. "Right," I said.

I nipped out of the tank and made a fire. That part was simple. Then I took the top off the iron pot, mixed some flour, water and baking powder, and pounded it into a chaotic, entangling, octopus-like mass whose tentacles clung round my arms and worked up towards my hair. While I was battling with it there was a cry from the tank.





"That's the younger generation for you. No regard for tradition."

"How you doing?" cried Bill, my employer. "Fine," I cried back, pushing most of the hostile mess into the pot and replacing the lid. Half an hour later Bill climbed out of the tank, white from head to foot. I could only see his eyes. "Let's get at that damper," he said. I opened the lid and took out something grey and shapeless. It smelt vaguely of cork. "Here we are," I said faintly. Bill sliced it with his knife and smelt it, then slid it into his mouth. "Too much baking powder got in," I said. He didn't look at me.

In the evening we had a wash, which meant jumping into the tepid lagoon and splashing about. I couldn't actually feel the water because we were covered with layers of cement which grew thicker and thicker as time went on. Water wouldn't take it off, it merely turned the cement into a kind of slime which

hardened stiff in the sun until we were two pterodactyls in the wilderness. During this ineffectual bath the damper was cooking. The second day it was burnt black, and the third the fire went out. On the fourth day Bill approached me in the tank. "You can't cook damper," he said, spitting out some cement. "No," I confessed, "but I'll learn." "You're not so good on the cement either," he said, "but it wouldn't have mattered if you'd have been good at damper. That's why I hired you."

He went away and came back ten minutes later. "It's a fair cow," he said. This is Australian for being in a hopeless situation. He didn't speak to me for the rest of the fortnight. Side by side, tormented by flies, we sweated in the tank, and splashed in the lagoon. Side by side we ate grisly damper which turned up, every day in a new form, lymphatic,

rigid, porous, semi-combustible. Then he paid me off and I went to the nearest township. I had a throat like a lime-kiln. I drank very seriously for a whole day and came to with my hair cut and shampooed, my face massaged and my shoes polished. Then I went to have dinner. "I'm sorry," said the waiter, "but no bread has been delivered. We only have damper." "Bring some cement too," I said. The waiter nodded his head with the special indulgence one accords to drunks.

"How to see Munich
by motor coach incl. visits to museums . . .
The guide-lecturer has a
complete command of the
English luggage."

From a German sightseeing pamphlet

Bags of information.

Divination from Fern-Leaves

BY H. F. ELLIS

THERE was a stir in football circles, early in the season, when it was learned that psychotherapy had been tried on an unsuccessful soccer team. The results were good—a win by five goals to nil if I remember rightly. There seemed no reason why a method of preparation that worked for one kind of football should not be equally successful in the other, and hopes were high that the Rugby Union, with the visit of the All Blacks in mind, would assemble twenty or thirty “possibles” in the consulting rooms at Twickenham and try to iron out some of their more distressing complexes.

But nothing seems to have come of it. Conservatism is unhappily rife among the Rugby football hierarchy, and it looks, at the time of writing, as if we shall once again this season be treated to the same old spectacle of repressed second-row forwards and fly halves hopelessly handicapped by persecution-mania. This is a sad disappointment—not least to rugger correspondents, who must have been looking forward eagerly to the chance to infuse new life into their writing. It is not easy to get variety into football reporting. After thirty-five years of it, even Mr. D. R. Gent, with all his gifts, must sometimes find himself stumped for a synonym for “infringement” or a new periphrasis for a sluggish heel. But, given a chance to let himself go psychologically . . .

Shortly after this, play was held up when Brown, one of the only two Oedipus-complexes in the English

pack, sustained a nasty trauma in a verbal clash with the New Zealand scrum half. The crowd cheered as the familiar figure of the Twickenham psychiatrist emerged at a brisk trot from the West Stand, pushing his mobile couch in front of him.

On the resumption England continued to press, and Robinson, though still not entirely recovered from the effects of a too strait-laced governess in his formative years, suddenly cut loose from a maul and, finding the defence maladjusted, went on to score. This was a bad blow for the All Blacks, but worse was to follow; for soon afterwards their full back, the popular manic-depressive from Rotorua, most unluckily split his personality in a tackle and had to be carried off.

From now on it was a real battle of the ids . . .

The day may come when some such sane psychotherapeutic approach to Rugby football will be welcomed by editors and their public. But it has not come yet. For the moment we shall have to see what can be said, in the old humdrum way, about the form and prospects of the New Zealand touring side.

Not much, obviously. They have only been here a week, play their opening game this coming Saturday, and will hardly show their real mettle until they meet London Counties at Twickenham on November 7. Anything said about them before that is likely to be as airy and insubstantial as gossamer. Still, a few profoundly uninformed generalities will help to keep this paper on level terms with the great sporting dailies.

Weight. The All Blacks will be heavy. Their scrum, it is said, will average fourteen stone nine per man. But we need not despair. Already, unless I am greatly mistaken, the more wideawake of Our Rugby Football Correspondents will have devised a scheme to meet the situation. “The way to beat these All Blacks” (they will be telling me shortly) “is to find forwards capable of holding them in the tight scrums, out-playing them in the loose, and beating them to the ball in the line-outs.” *The Times* correspondent, it is fair to add, will take a rather

different view. He will say “lines-out.”

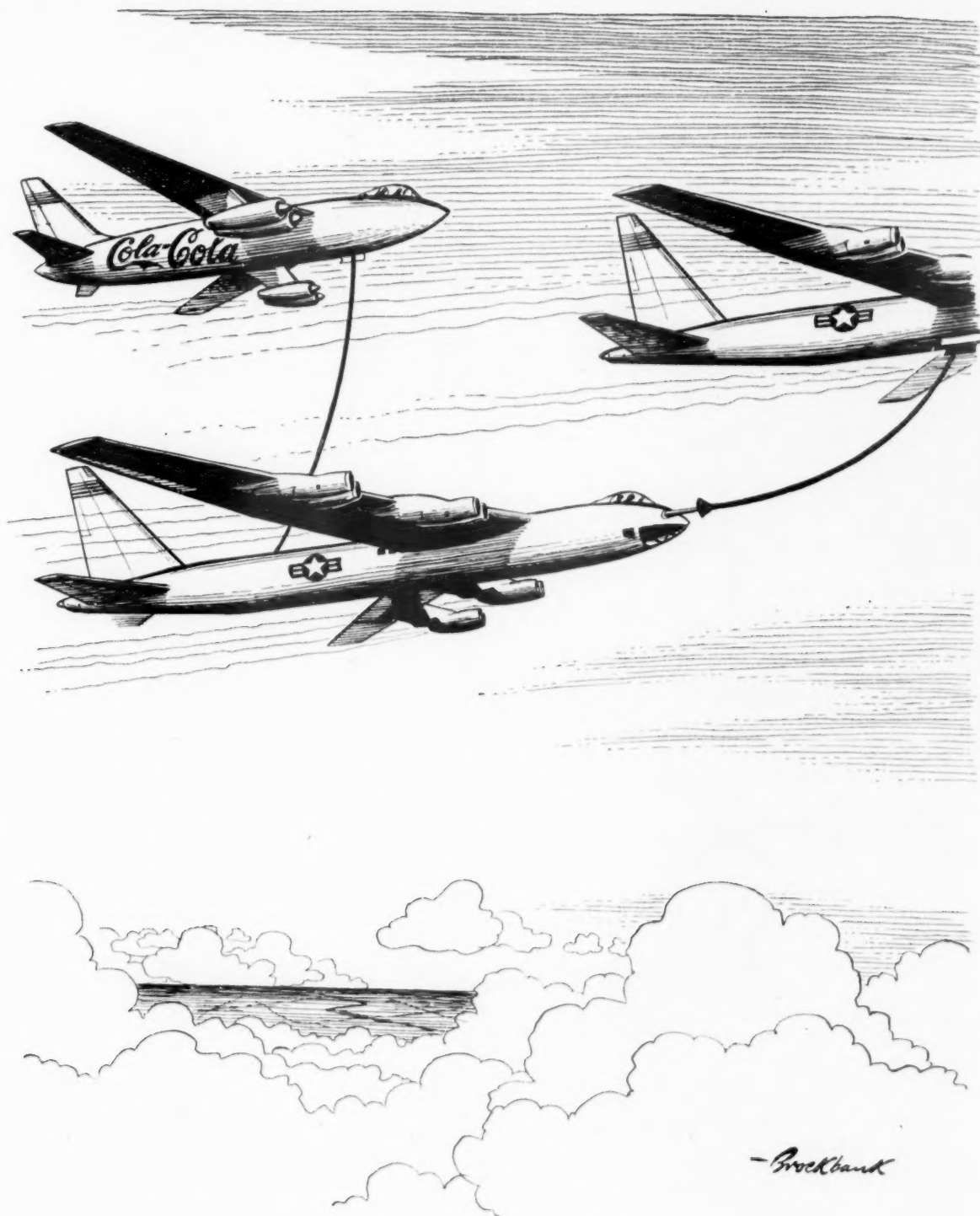
Speed. The All Blacks will be fast. No figures have been produced to support this contention, but the general impression in knowledgeable circles is that their players will not loiter about. To counter this menace—and here I want to jump in ahead of all the other experts—it is only necessary to remember that the secret of defeating speed is to be *just that little bit faster*. Many players fail to realize this, and get left behind.

Tactics. The All Blacks will play attractive, open football. This is absolutely certain; and that it is so is due, in an odd way, to the New Zealand tour in South Africa in 1949. There was something of a hou-ha after that tour, the New Zealanders complaining that the South Africans played a dour, keep-it-close kind of football that was ruining the game, and the South Africans retorting that they played the kind of football that had just beaten the New Zealanders in four “Tests” out of four. We took no sides in this matter, being busy at that time complaining of the serious-minded way the Australians kept beating us at cricket. But in 1950 a British team went to New Zealand and was widely complimented over there on the attractive, open way it lost three of the four matches against the All Blacks and drew the other. This tribute tilted us over slightly to the New Zealand side, and we awaited the arrival of the South Africans in 1951 with drawn brows. However, they proceeded to play football so attractive and open as at times to approach the ridiculous. Many Scotsmen, after seeing their country beaten 44-0, thought the pendulum had swung too far. Be that as it may, the All Blacks have obviously just got to play even more openly and attractively than the dour Springboks; and my private fear is that they will manage it.

This, in parenthesis, makes it all the more surprising that Scotland have just decided to allow their game against New Zealand to be televised.



ROY DAVIS





"If he lived in Russia he'd be made to talk."

The Hampton Court Affair

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

Top Secret

MINISTRY OF FUEL
AND POWER

DEAR JENKINS,—Parkins of our Stores Section is rather in a spot and I am writing to you, somewhat off the record, in the hope that you may be able to help us out. As you probably know we have a large consignment of uranium in Herefordshire. I asked our area officer there to find permanent storage space and he suggested Hampton Court, a country house outside the city of Hereford, as suitable. Min. of Town and Country Planning told me it was still in private hands so that requisitioning should be comparatively easy. The house looked, on the map, conveniently near the present temporary location of the consignment.

But now our area officer reports that Hampton Court, Herefordshire, is not large enough and that the

expense of the essential double concrete fencing of the whole estate would be formidable. He suggests the place of a similar name in Middlesex. I like this suggestion, for the latter building, besides having the advantage of size, is already in Government hands. And certainly it would ease our distribution problem to have the uranium near London. My recollections of Hampton Court Palace are somewhat hazy, but all we require is a range of large rooms for storage, and I am informed there are plenty of them. We would not have greatly to alter the external appearance of the building, in fact that would be unwise, having regard to the secret nature of the material; but we would of course have to entirely reface the internal walls, and remove any inflammable panelling and paintings. To take over existing buildings would be much cheaper than erecting new premises.

Will you let me have your views?

Yours sincerely,

D. TOMPKINS.

Top Secret

MINISTRY OF SUPPLY

DEAR TOMPKINS,—I agree in principle with your suggestion for requisitioning part of Hampton Court Palace for uranium storage, provided it can be ascertained that this is the best use to which the State rooms, at present not used except to be shown to the tourists, can be put. I make this proviso because I could not concur in the requisitioning of the whole of the Palace without further consultation. We have, as you know, a lien on the older, and I think, Tudor part of the building for a further atomic plant. The situation *vis-à-vis* London and other distribution centres is admirable, and the fortified nature of this part of the Palace will save us considerable

expense. Like you, we would alter the external appearance comparatively little.

Am I to take it that you will require the State Rooms only and not the gardens?

Yours sincerely,

L. JENKINS.

Top Secret

MINISTRY OF FUEL
AND POWER

DEAR JENKINS,—I'm glad you are not opposed in principle to the scheme. I do not think we will need much more than the State Rooms. It may be necessary to erect temporary administration buildings in the garden, but I can let you know more about this when our engineers have surveyed the whole area.

Meanwhile I feel you should know that I had a word in the train yesterday evening with Hankins of the Post Office, and he is pressing for a television studio in what is now called the Orangery where there are some Italian pictures which could doubtless be removed. This scheme may clash with yours. But I cannot help feeling that if we have a united front in requisitioning the palace and a prepared plan, our hands will be strengthened. I therefore suggest we have an *ad hoc* committee consisting of you, Hankins and myself.

I think it would be most unwise, for the moment, to raise this at ministerial level, or even mention it to P.R.O.s. By the way, congratulations on your C.M.G.

Yours sincerely,

D. TOMPKINS.

Top Secret

MINUTES OF MEETING
TO DISCUSS
THE REQUISITIONING OF
HAMPTON COURT PALACE

Present:

SIR DONALD TOMPKINS,
Ministry of Fuel and Power
SIR LEONARD JENKINS,
Ministry of Supply
SIR WALTER HANKINS,
H.M. Post Office

(1) It was agreed that the State Rooms should be used for storage of uranium in view of the

urgent need for storage space. The rooms themselves, though obsolescent, would be adapted for less cost than the construction of new premises on a less convenient site. The Minister would require temporary hutments in the gardens opposite the main Wren front of the Palace. As these gardens were mostly level flower beds and, once the public were excluded, invisible from the public highway, very little work would be required in clearing the ground for foundations. Sir Donald Tompkins agreed to consult the Metropolitan Water Board about filling up the existing duck ponds and canal.

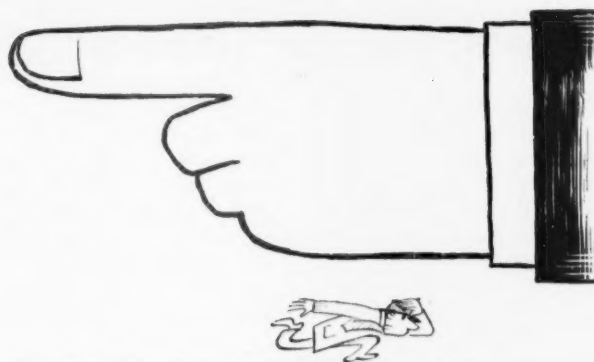
(2) It was agreed, after discussion, that the atomic research laboratory should be housed in the Tudor part of the Palace, but that all hutments for administrative personnel should be erected in the inside courtyards of the Palace so as to be invisible from the public highway

where the main entrance faces the public road.

(3) Sir Walter Hankins said he did not feel the need for any secrecy about turning the Orangery into a television studio. The public was now TV-minded and such a move was likely to be a popular one. He would require only a portion of the gardens on the river front of the palace for administrative hutments and proposed to leave the "Great Vine" untouched. An entrance to it for the public from the other front would doubtless be constructed.

(4) In view of Sir Walter's helpful remarks about the popularity of television, it was agreed that he should act as spokesman in putting this proposal to his Minister.

(5) At some time, preferably soon, it would be necessary to consult the Ministry of Works and Buildings, at present in charge of the Palace.



Traffic Speed-up

ON Blackfriars Bridge, below a leaden sky,
We sat and took our ease, my tram and I.
Long hours we idled there, scratching our head.
Red, red and amber, green. Green, amber, red.

But this was long ago. One summer's day
They came and took my homely tram away.
For ever and for aye they parted us,
And left me sitting, sadly, in a bus.

Yet all that goes by Blackfriars Bridge is good;
I miss my tram less than I thought I should.
Long hours my bus and I sit there, serene.
Green, amber, red. Red, red and amber, green.

R. P. LISTER

The Century of the Common Peer

BY LORD KINROSS

ON the red leather benches of the House of Lords there will sit this week, in lordly comfort, a group of peers with the dignified bearing of a bygone age. Their costume, rigidly correct, with a faintly Victorian touch, might well serve as a model to their more casual Lordships opposite. Their heads are venerable, with silvered hair and an occasional hint of a whisker. Their manners are formal. Steeped in the past, they orate in the sonorous periods of a rhetoric long forgotten. They are the peers of Her Majesty's Labour Opposition.

The lives of these noblemen are an open book—at least to those whose recreations include "reading *Who's Who*." Theirs is a nobility of toil. Their motto—or at least that of two of them, Lord Adams of Ennerdale and Lord Calverley of the City of Bradford—is a somewhat optimistic one: *Labor Omnia Vincit*,

or Labour Conquers All. One proclaims proudly that he "commenced (*sic*) work in the mine at 12 years of age"; another, on the other hand, "started work in jute mills at 10 years of age"; a third records, "Doffer Spinning Mill at 10; been working ever since." (One is named, appropriately, Lord Burden.)

The symbols of this labour are emblazoned on their (still blotless) escutcheons, just as mere ermines and chevrons and other emblems of heraldry are emblazoned on those of lesser noblemen. The noble lord, Lord Calverley, formerly Mr. Muff, flaunts "in front of two miners' picks in saltire a miner's safety lamp, all proper." The shield of Lord Adams, another mining lord, displays a torch erect between two cog-wheels, while his supporters are a miner with a lamp and a farm labourer (called "agricultural worker") with a fork—both quaintly

old-fashioned, with string round the knees of their corduroys.

The crest of Lord Quibell, a builder, of Scunthorpe, consists of a trowel in front of a pair of dividers. The lion supporting the arms of Lord Citrine of Wembley is "charged with a spade and a pickaxe in saltire and a pen nib in pale or." Lord Crook of Carshalton, on the other hand, has chosen two shepherds' crooks—emblems more appropriate to his name than to his calling, which is that of a Civil Servant.

Launched on the world at an early age, with or without their old board-school or old grammar-school ties, these embryo noblemen quickly proved their mettle. Gallantly, selflessly, they dedicated their services to the modern Orders of Chivalry, winning their spurs on trade unions, commissions, committees, councils, associations, societies; achieving such honours



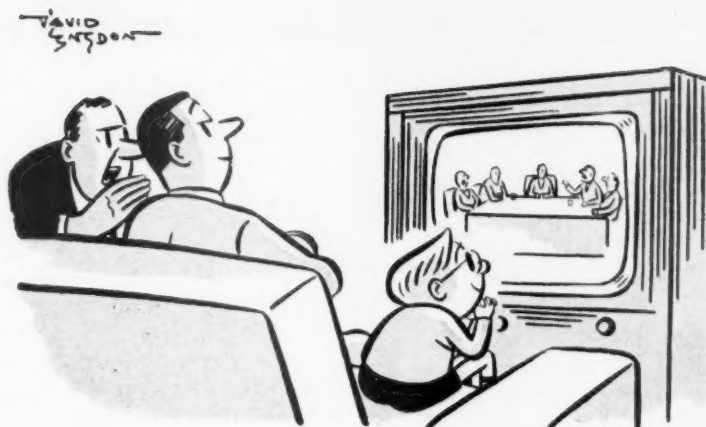
[" Particularly do we condemn the practice . . . of touting for converts among the seriously ill and dying in hospitals." Booklet published by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge criticizing Roman Catholic methods of proselytizing.]

as the chairmanship of the Yorks Young Liberal Movement and of the Leeds Prison Visiting Magistrates, city councillorships of the Glasgow or Bradford Corporations, an advisership on investments to the Trade Unions, Friendly Societies and Approved Societies, the presidency of the Federal Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades of the Mersey District or of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. As often as not they bloomed into Lords-in-Waiting, and later, perhaps, into directors of flourishing capitalist enterprises.

The noble lord, Lord Amwell of Islington ("self-educated"), was successively newsboy, shop assistant, free-lance journalist and advertisement copy-writer, but soon sank to be a political agent and organizer, his career interrupted only by service in World War 1 ("in the ranks") and crowned by Vice-Presidency of the Institute of Magicians. Lord Adams, his Labour Conquering All, rose from the chairmanship of the Arlecdon and Frizington Urban District Council to be Director of the West Cumberland Industrial Development Company and even a member of the North Regional Gas Board.

Lord Mathers of Newtown St. Boswells recalls with a hint of nostalgia the old North British Railway ("now British Railways") on which he served as a clerk, "becoming active in the Trade Union and Labour Movement from 1908." The most dashing champion in the lists was Lord Kirkwood of Bearsden. Following in the romantic footsteps of former noblemen whose biographies record "committed to the Tower," he was "deported as leader of the Clyde workers for organizing protest against increase in house-rents."

These noblemen have found time to contribute to literature, with such books as *A Man's Life*, *The ABC of Chairmanship*, *I Search for Truth in Russia*, *My Life of Revolt*, and countless "pamphlets and articles on co-operation and other subjects." Their recreations, in a life of labour, are understandably few. Lord Adams, however, maintains the sporting traditions of the English nobility by an interest in



"He's so dead keen on TV, we're thinking of putting him into politics."

football (and reading), Lord Mathers likes travelling and bowls, Lord Kershaw "motoring, gardening, carpentering, bricklaying, etc.," and Lord Calverley "welfare work amongst young men, studying Bradshaw and football form." Lord Crook, besides being a collector of gramophone recordings of classical music, and of books, confesses to an interest in amateur cinematography.

With a public spirit traditional in the English nobility, their Labour Lordships will muster at the House this week, from their Stately homes in Kingsway at Wembley, and Talbot Road, Tottenham, Whybrow Terrace at Workington and Woodhall Lane, Stanningley; from the Rookery at Stanmore, Invertay, Gosforth, and Little Godlies, Ellens Green. Not the least among them will be that territorial magnate Lord Rusholme of Rusholme (*Mundus Mea Provincia*) from his house in Rusholme Gardens, Manchester (Telephone, Rusholme 4661).

Few can claim the ancient lineage of those hereditary Labour noblemen, Jestyn Reginald Austen Plantagenet Philipps, Viscount St. Davids, or Francis John Clarence Westenra Plantagenet Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. The noble Labour lord, Lord Douglas of Barloch, does, it is true, trace his descent from a seventeenth-century tenant of the Earl of Montrose, whose feudal duty was to ride with his superior "in reasonable good equipage as a gentleman." But most of his kind

claim only fathers and mothers, or fathers but no mothers.

These noblemen are the first rather than the last of their lines. The lines, however, seem assured of survival. Honourable Silkins, Honourable Kirkwoods, Honourable Muffs abound, and there is an Honourable Norman Citrine, living in Leighton Buzzard, who, after the manner of the second generation of the nobility, appears to enjoy the leisure, denied to his father, for "engineering, painting, drawing, reading, writing, motoring, walking, tennis, skating and rowing." His descendants can perhaps be relied upon to live up to their family motto, *Pro Recto Labora*, or Labour for the Right.

In Croydon to-day there lives a Lord Rochester, a retired transport contractor who for twenty-two years was Treasurer of the Temperance and Social Welfare Department of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Three hundred years ago, at the Court of Charles the Second, there lived a Lord Rochester, a poet and a libertine, whose temperance was not outstanding, but who was credited with "as sprightly a lyric gift as any writer of the Restoration." Three hundred years hence there may arise a new Lord Rochester, as uncommon as he.

"CHURCHILL ON OFFER TO RUSSIANS"
Evening Standard

Another Tory blunder.

Laughter in the House

BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

MR. BUTLER: *The corkscrew formed an integral part of the body of the dog, and the dog was therefore taxed as an ornamental dog.* (Laughter)

MRS. BRADDOCK: *I have never slept alongside, or with, Dr. Edith Summerskill.* (Laughter)

MR. HOLLIS: *If the Minister has any rain to dispose of, will he put it on my garden?* (Loud laughter)

FOR the connoisseur of humour the last session at Westminster was full of good things, rightly committed to posterity in the Parliamentary Reports of *The Times*. The Coronation, the Test matches, and the most laughable summer in meteorological history combined not only to spur the nation's entertainers to unusual feats of comic invention but to induce in their immediate audience a hair-spring receptiveness.

Mirth was never far below the surface, and once it broke through could be kept bubbling with ease. Mr. Christopher Hollis's spirited jest quoted above set the seal on a fine piece of sustained drollery by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works:

MR. MOLSON: We are still a long way from complete understanding of the physics of natural rain. (Laughter) The present techniques of dispersing cloud could have little effect in protecting any particular

area of this country from rain. (Laughter) The process is more effective in causing rain to fall where it is required than in preventing it from falling where it is not. (Laughter) In the nature of scientific experiments it is difficult to limit them to the time in which these great sporting events [the Test Matches] are taking place. (Laughter)

Mr. Molson was lucky in his script-writer, of course, and it is to be hoped that a word of commendation was said in the right quarter at the Ministry. But, in Parliament as in other spheres of entertainment, the artist relies as much on his talent for putting the material across as on the material itself. Lacking this talent, the brightest script can fail. Take the sad example on June 29, when Lord Salisbury sought to demolish critics of his Washington visit:

MARQUESS OF SALISBURY: I note with interest that I have been described as a kind of Jekyll and Hyde, a schizophrenic; at the same time feeble, weak and limp, and deep, dark and dangerous.

At rehearsal this must have seemed a certain laugh. In actual delivery, despite its whiff of meiosis, a literary allusion of the lighter kind,

an amusing vogue-word, a neat antithesis and a well-planned exercise in alliteration, it failed to raise a titter. On other lips, in another place, and with a highly individual pronunciation of schizophrenic, it would have had the audience in fits.

However, it should be mentioned in fairness to the Marquess that the ribs of the Lords are not easily tickled. During the whole session, only a particularly well-polished shaft from Lord Teviot (Processed Food Dangers, June 10) achieved anything approaching a belly-laugh:

LORD TEVIOT: The comfort of our tummies greatly affects our point of view. (Laughter)

It is possible, no doubt, that the presence of bishops has a damping effect on the Upper House; there, the risqué allusion springing to a noble lip must be bitten back and rephrased with propriety. But when Mr. Butler says with a roguish twinkle that his reduction in the cosmetics tax is "not designed to woo the public" (Laughter) he knows that he is on safe ground, among worldlings unlikely to be offended by a whiff of the smoking-room. In the same way, Mr. Chuter Ede's memorable reference, on May 14, to Miss Florence Horsbrugh and a "proposal" (Loud laughter) touched off a salvo of fearless and uninhibited mirth. Admit the bishops into debates of this spicy nature and the level of hilarity is bound to sag at once.

Consider the wicked exchanges between Captain Orr and Mr. Gammans, which sent Members away chuckling on their summer holidays. Captain Orr, it will be recalled, had challenged the description of postmen as "delivery officers" in official Post Office correspondence:

MR. GAMMANS: I have no ambition to be known as her Majesty's Assistant Deliveryman-General. (Laughter)

Captain ORR (clutching the joke): Will the Minister give an assurance that neither he nor anyone else in his department during the coming recess is going to indulge in the ancient game of delivery officer's knock? (Loud laughter)



"One of 'em's a Tory Trade-Unionist and one's a Labour peer, but I'm blowed if I can remember which is which."

Whether anything equally side-splitting is in store for the re-assembled Commons is hard to say. The few days' debates before prorogation were notable less for "Laughter" than "Opposition cries of Oh!"—and the only attraction publicly billed for the new session so far is the debate on Capital Punishment, which holds out small promise as a feast of fun. However, some alert Minister may succeed, before Members have donned the mask of gravity proper to the occasion, in mentioning the Punishment of Capital by the previous Government. (*Laughter*) Or in murmuring, with sly innuendo springing from the subject under debate, some such name as Shinwell, or Morrison—and thus earn the rich plaudits accorded elsewhere to comedians making random reference to Wigan, or Scunthorpe.

But beyond that all is dark. (*Laughter*) We can only wait and see. (*Laughter*) You never can tell. (*Laughter*) Christmas will be in sight before the next recess: there may well be a mischievous mention of mistletoe and Miss Hornsby-Smith. (*Loud laughter and whistling*).

Complete news story, *Daily Mirror*:

"What was the mystery object that had 6,000,000 television viewers wondering as they watched the broadcast and, later, the telerecording of the international Soccer match between England and the Rest of the World at Wembley yesterday?"

Commentator Kenneth Wolstenholme thought it was the cap of the world team's goalkeeper, Walter Zeman. But when viewers saw Zeman appear on the screen with his cap on while the black object was still behind the goal, he said: 'Well, I just don't know now.'

'I suppose it's a spare cap for him—unless it's a good luck charm.' And throughout the first half puzzled viewers had glimpses of the black 'thing' that seemed to be hanging from the net.

The B.B.C. film editors who prepared the telerecording for showing to viewers who missed the 'live' broadcast in the afternoon were equally puzzled.

A policeman who was at the match said he thought it was a first-aid box. But a *Daily Mirror* photographer claimed last night to have solved the problem. 'It was a ball,' he said. 'I ought to know because I kicked it to an official at half-time.'

'To viewers it may have looked like a cap hung in the net, but it was a spare ball placed on the edge of the white sand strip behind the goal.'

Any news from Woomera?

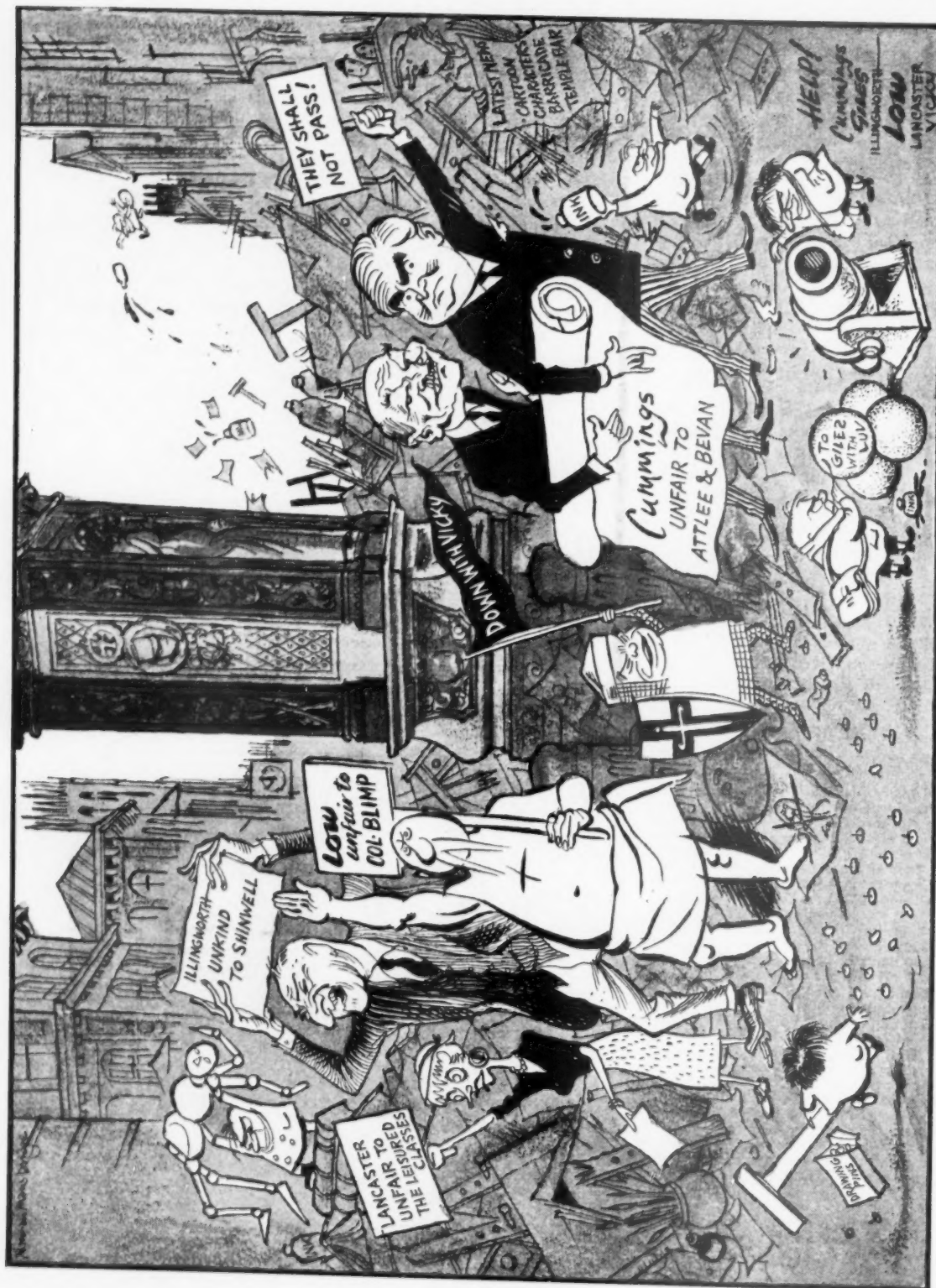
Terra Incognita

BUT he persisted in going. "Look at the map," I said:
 "Here salamanders live. This blank I take
 For sand. Sands without number, unless
 A glance from God should count them. If you cough
 Impromptu here, chimerae, anthropophagi will come.
 And look, that sun is smiling. I do not
 Entirely trust that one." He said that over Swat
 He hoped to see an Akond. I could say
 Nothing to keep him, and he went away.
 I stayed at home to captivate my cat.
 Lean at the doorway, burnt and diffident,
 Years afterwards I saw him. "When did you return?"
 Perhaps he had not heard; he did not answer.
 And I, the stay-at-home, was left to talk, talk, talk.
 But while I made the tea I saw him take
 The older map and shake his empty head.
 Under his breath "Mercator lies," he said:
 "Within my blood the salamanders sound.
 In my flesh anthropophagi breed and roam.
 The sun threw out a comber; I was drowned."

A. L. OWEN



"Why, Mr Ferguson, you're the last person I expected to see."



Ode on a Distant Prospect of Westminster

BY A. P. H.

OLD Thames, to whose paternal side

Our Members now return,
Express with some tremendous tide

The national concern:

And let your swelling waters tell
The story that we love them well,
Which is mysterious but true:
Though few can see sufficient cause
Why men should wish to make the laws,

We honour those who do.

Good citizen, you may endure
As many woes as Job,
But you are not required to cure
The sorrows of the globe.

Imagine making up your mind
On all the muddles of mankind
That number, nightly, more and more!

You have your troubles, friend, but then,
Suppose you'd sixty thousand men,
With troubles, at your door?

No, though the friendly light they hang

At evening on the Tower
Provokes a momentary pang
Of sentimental power,
Though it were sweet to saunter in
Where legislators pause for gin,
With Mr. Gossip in the chair,
Ye lobbies and ye benches green
Of dull debate and bitter scene,
I envy no man there.

I think I sit in Stephen's Hall
Where Parliament began,
And Pitt and Fox, divinely tall,
Behold the Common Man.
Here comes a new young Member now.

I hope he makes a modest bow,
And heaves a small respectful sigh.

I feel his heart must flutter fast
Among the princes of the past—
Or does he think of Nye?

Poor youth! Poor solitary soul!
What questions crowd before!
He was a lion at the poll.
Now, who will hear him roar?

Six hundred others itch to speak;
Shall he be mutinous, or meek?
So few the words that bear a fruit,
And any word may end in shame.
But where a word may win a name
What folly to be mute!

Here comes another, old and slow,
A target for the wit,
For it was forty years ago
He thought he was a Pitt,
The tyro hangs upon his lips,
He is a treasure to the Whips,
Nay, he is trusted by the mob.
Respected, reasonable, nice,
He gives the Government advice,
But never gets a job.

Alas, his principles were high,
His argument was clear;
But though at first he caught the eye
He seldom caught the ear.
New boys come in and pass him by,
Pink Under-Secretaries fly
To payful perches in Whitehall:
But he, an ancient rooster, sits
Among the disappointed Pitts,
The backest bench of all.

But still, regardless of his doom,
He plies the thankless trade,
And mutters in the Smoking Room
The speech that's never made.

His little store of life is spent;
He has not mattered as he meant:
He never, now, will save the State.
But he is kindly and content:
For he is part of Parliament,
And Parliament is great.

Look round. Too-eager folks may try
To run before they walk;
But arrow-head and assegai
Are turning into talk.
Five continents can find their way
Through many miles of Erskine May:
Where woad and weapons were the rig
Committees chatter with a smile:
And in the sultry tropic isle
The Speaker wears a wig.

Bright youth, you have a part to play
Where this great thing began,
And none has found a better way
For man to manage man.
So high the glory of the game
That even failure may be fame.
I think I see the old man grin,
I know I hear the old man call
"This place is bigger than us all—
Come in, young man, come in!"



1966 and All That

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



*The Emperor Caligula
Made his horse Minister of Nothing
in Particular.
The critics said "In the days of
Augustus
A scandal like that would have
utterly bust us."*

Old Clerihew

THE election campaign of 1966, as it develops, is at least sufficient to disprove the gibe of superficial cynics that there is no real difference between the two main political parties. Twenty years or even less ago political controversy turned largely on the personalities of the occupants of remunerated posts. It is not so to-day. As James Russell Lowell has written in the *Biglow Papers*:

*It seems just like the fulfilment of
prophecies
When all the best people have all
the best offices.*

To-day political controversy turns entirely on matters of principle.

The Socialists have come out firmly at this election, as they did at the last, in favour of doing nothing whatsoever. In the 1940s there were many people in the Socialist ranks who used to identify Socialism with nationalization. A little thinking was sufficient to curb the majority of Socialists of that fallacy, and from about 1954 onwards, when Mr. Aneurin Bevan, the veteran and best loved of all Socialist leaders and one whom no one could suspect of being an extremist, coined the phrase that it was the task of Socialism "to set the people free," Socialists

have more and more come to see it as their first task to check and indeed even, if necessary, to reverse the excesses of nationalization.

It is perhaps natural that Socialists should in some measure resent the formal identification during the last ten years of the Trade Union movement with the Conservative party. Socialists believe that the worker's trade union life and his political life should be kept entirely independent of one another, for Socialism is not a doctrinaire creed. All that the Socialist demands is that the policy to be pursued should be the policy that is in the best interests of the people as a whole. It is clear that, as a general rule at any rate, the worker and the manager alike are most likely to serve the interests of the people if by a system of proper rewards it is made worth their while to do so. Socialism therefore stands for adequate wage differentials between skilled and unskilled worker and between manager and employee. Without such differentials there is not sufficient incentive to induce a man or woman to acquire skill in workmanship or managerial capacity. Indeed, so far from calling for a further extension of nationalization, the question was very pertinently raised at the recent Socialist Congress whether the workers would not be likely to get a more efficient and a cheaper delivery of letters if the Post Office was farmed out, of course under proper safeguards, to private contractors. The resolution



might, we believe, have been carried had there not been a mistake of some two million in the counting of the votes.

The Conservatives are, on the other hand, by tradition the Imperial party. It is this issue by which they should be judged rather than on sterile disputes about personalities of leadership. Now that Britain no longer holds any possessions outside these islands, there are, it must be admitted, certain practical difficulties in upholding the full tradition of Palmerston and Joseph Chamberlain. To some extent, as Conservative leaders have been the first to insist, that tradition must be upheld in the spirit rather than in the letter. Yet the fact that this country no longer has overseas possessions by no means implies that it no longer has overseas responsibilities.

For instance, even though at the moment there is nothing that can be done about it, it is certainly justified in protesting against the arrangement of the United Nations, by which British vessels alone are refused passage through the Suez Canal in time of peace, and in reserving its rights. Further south it would doubtless be unreasonable to expect the newly-formed African Republics at this early stage to grant the rights of franchise to Europeans. Yet it is surely not unduly provocative to register a protest against the imprisonment without trial, and even in some cases the homicide, of white men, so long as it is made clear that there is no intention of following up the protest by action.

It is surely in the best traditions of the Conservative party to approach the problems of European politics in a realistic rather than an



"Of course, we Whig hostesses don't wield quite the political influence we did in the eighteenth century."

ideological spirit—to understand that true statesmanship consists in seeing things as they are and in applying to the problems of the day the remedies of to-day rather than the policies which may perhaps have suited the changed conditions of a vanished age.

Now that the Russians are in occupation of Calais and the other Channel ports, which in old days used commonly to be known as French, it is only reasonable that we should understand that their anxiety lest perhaps an attack should be launched on them from Dover is a legitimate and a sincere anxiety. We should be guilty of an act of foolish and unstatesmanlike obstinacy if we failed to sympathize with the force of the Russian contention that so long as Russia is compelled to remain, fully armed, in military occupation of Calais, peace can only be assured as long as Dover and its hinterland of Kent is effectively demilitarized.

By such means as these alone can a sense of international security be built up, and it is the building of this sense of security, this abatement of ancient suspicions, which has been the main task which the present Government has rightly set itself. After all, we cannot afford to be self-righteous. We must never forget that it was this country which in 1939 supported Poland in her aggressive resistance to the Nazi-

Soviet Pact. Thus some romantics may still sigh for the days when the Northern counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmorland, Cumberland, Northumberland and Durham were still British territory and may hanker after the recapture of those lost provinces. But the realist will find little to be gained in such idle dreams. The great British interest is peace, not territory, and, if the Russians, the Germans and the Americans can arrange between themselves the division of those counties—say, Yorkshire to Russia, Lancashire to America and the other four to Germany—the British Government would certainly be wise to associate itself with what might be called a Northern Locarno Pact, which gave a guarantee that British troops would be available to defend these newly-drawn frontiers against any would-be aggressor.

The political situation is certainly a great deal clearer than it was now that there is no longer any public demand for television, and no one cares any longer who runs those services.

"Mr. Dawson said at his home last night: 'If one of my trawlers comes in at midnight I shall unload it immediately and send it straight to London so the housewife can have it on her breakfast table.'"—*Daily Mail*

Handy for propping the paper, certainly.

GIOVANNETTI



Prattle and People

by CRASS-BENCHER

Crusader Takes a Tilt

SEE how the Empire Crusaders set about their task! See how they seek to cement the bonds of friendship between the Mother Country and the outposts of Empire!

What does Mr. John Gordon think of Tonga and its delightful and friendly Queen? Mr. Gordon says that communication with the remote island is difficult, and he is right. But does Mr. Gordon propose improvements in our sea and air services to Tonga? Does he suggest a new cable, a daily Comet run from London, a Tonga Tunnel project? He does not. He proclaims "I wish Miss Eva Bartok and Lord Milford Haven were on Tonga Island."

* * *

For why? Clearly because Mr. Gordon, like many other people, is sick and tired of reading about the fabulous Eva and the nomadic milord. But Mr. Gordon goes too far in wishing to saddle Tonga, even in jest, with those whose affairs he finds tiresome. Tonga deserves well of Britain, the Empire, our Empire Crusaders and even Mr. Gordon.

Botany Bay Again

☆ Who publishes the gossip about Miss Bartok and Lord Milford Haven? Why, Mr. Gordon. For I can disclose that Mr. Gordon is or was until very recently Editor of the *Sunday Express*, that he was born in 1890 and educated at the Morgan Academy in Dundee. He has been in Fleet Street (or Moscow; he was there recently) for more than thirty years, and for most of his time he has posed as an Empire Crusader.

* * *

Is Mr. Gordon a poor man? I doubt it. He is a member of the swish Garrick Club, the Press Club and the United Hunts. He has an account at one of our leading banks and often pays by cheque.

No wonder the Crusader is still in chains!

With the Tide

☆ Who wants an Election now? Not Sir Winston. Not Mr. Eden. Not Mr. Butler. The Chancellor believes that the Tories will have a better chance after the next

Budget, when the price war in the used car market will be at its fiercest and Tory trade unionists can climb into their own band-wagons.

Who is taking no chances? According to the *Sunday Express* the answer is one Richard Howard Stafford Crossman. See how Mr. Crossman prepares for office in the next, if any, Labour government. He writes a letter to *The Times* about secondary education, and therefore suggests—very, very cunningly—that he is prepared to accept the post of Minister of Education.

He is Hoping

☆ Who else is taking no chances? Well, if the deductive methods of the *Sunday Express* are sound I can name Mr. A. Beverley Baxter, M.P. for Southgate, as a contender for the posts of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Education, Minister of Transport and Foreign Secretary: for Mr. Baxter has mentioned money, culture, aircraft and Tito several times in recent articles.

Not so long ago Mr. Baxter was at Farnborough . . . "I sat with Sir Frederick Handley Page and other pioneers watching the incredible display of Britain's supremacy in the air." And if these aren't the words of a future Air Minister or of one who hopes to become Air Minister, what are they?

Who is this Mr. Beverley Baxter? I can tell you. He is a Canadian who served with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in 1918. He has been Editor-in-Chief of Inveresk publications, public relations councillor of the Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Editorial Adviser to Allied Newspapers, dramatic critic of the *Evening Standard*, novelist, playwright, journalist and politician.

* * *

Not long ago Mr. Baxter was chided by his old chief, Lord Beaverbrook, for his lack of the acquisitive instinct and apathy in matters of self-aggrandisement, and it is just possible that Mr. Baxter has taken this rough handling to heart.

Would Mr. Baxter be happy in a ministerial appointment? Perhaps. But he would have less time for his music, bridge and golf, less time to devote to the Carlton Club in London

and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto.

One more word. Is Mr. Beverley Baxter banking on a Tory victory at the next election? Let us see what he himself says on the subject: "I lunched with that elder statesman of trade unionism, Lord Citrine, and his pleasant wife. Citrine brings dignity to his title, for he is wise, shrewd and coherent. What is more he looks like a peer."

Where does that put Mr. Baxter?

Mr. Rising Prices

☆ Consider the case of Mr. Bernard Harris, one of the backroom boys of the Fleet Street glasshouse. More than a year ago Mr. Harris made a slashing attack on the administration of the Post Office. "Why must a Post Office clerk," he wrote, "pick coins out of a drawer instead of operating a change machine? Why must he tear stamps out of a book instead of pressing the key of a stamp-issuing machine? Why are there no coin-operated machines for selling books of stamps?"

Mr. Bernard Harris was right to expose the inefficiency of those who sit in authority at St. Martin's-le-Grand. So right. But what has happened since?

I will tell you. Mr. Harris has drawn in his horns, called off his hounds. Mr. Harris is now silent on the subject of the Post Office. He runs away from the problem, avoids all mention of it. Not since September 7 1952 has he written a four-column feature article on the Post Office in the *Sunday Express*.

The Name's the Same

☆ A Suffolk journalist who supports GATT and the Strasbourg dreamers is Mr. Maxwell Aitken. This misguided individual should not be confused with the Hon. (John William) Max Aitken, son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook. The name's the same, but there the resemblance ends.

* * *

Max is of course a crusader for Empire Preference, a former M.P. for Holborn and an old soccer blue of Cambridge University.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Indian Childhood

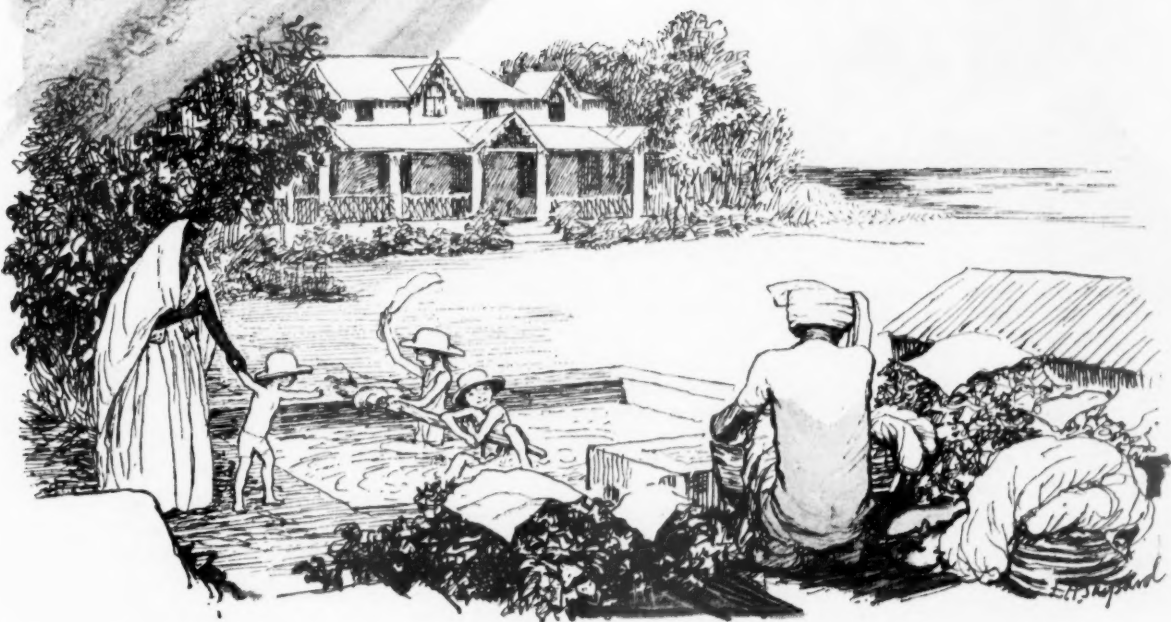
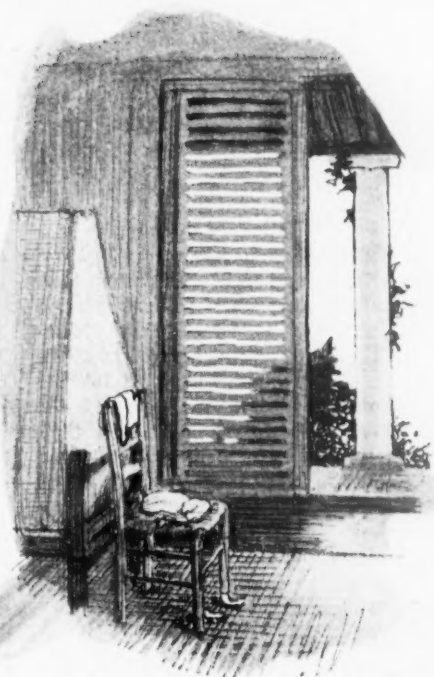


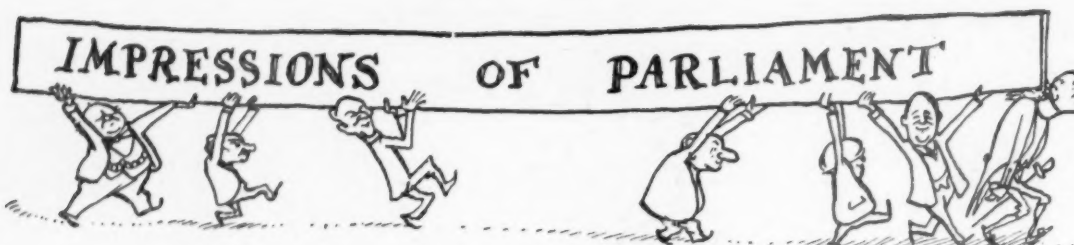
THE house, whose wings glowed white in heat,
Had shutters through whose slits the striped
And ochre river dimpled into fields of wheat;
The mud flats and the natives gave a look
Of coiled repression and of power
That always remained, like a legend in a book.

Time shifted the images, yet isolated things,
Like uncomfortable facts, lingered to remind—
The broken vase, the cobra in the pipes,
The sin the future could not leave behind—
Which occasionally reappeared in sleep, a false
World whose dreams were mysterious and deep.

But they no longer mattered or disturbed;
What occurred in the locked nursery,
The bedroom at night, or at the river's edge,
Were sooner or later, by experience, curbed,
Though the most serious repression
Was always glossed over and remained unheard.

ALAN ROSS





Tuesday, October 20

Fit and refreshed after their summer vacations in Yugoslavia and elsewhere, Mem-

House of Commons:
Back from the Hols

bers attended in strength to see how the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary looked on their return to Parliamentary life. Even those who had been privileged to attend the Private View at Margate showed keen interest, for it is one thing to be exhibited on a platform, bathed in floodlight and surrounded by friends, and another to be

exposed to the cut-and-thrust of the House.

In the preliminaries Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN showed his usual facility in turning questions to his own advantage ("I still say that progress in housing is the best way in which we can help." "The answer is three hundred thousand houses a year," and so on), though he was unable to turn this valuable formula to use either in the case of "smog" or of the relative worth of the adjectives "potable" and "drinkable" as applied to water. It was while the Secretary of State for Scotland was telling Captain Duncan about Scottish slaughterhouses that a roar of cheers ushered in the first of the stars.

Sir WINSTON, obviously radiant, trundled to his seat like a veritable Churchill tank, and was soon engaged with the waiting artillery. Mr. WOODROW WYATT began with a *feu de joie*: "Is the Prime Minister aware that the House of Commons is a duller place without him?" Mr. LESLIE HALE tried a very unlikely shot. "Is the Prime Minister prepared," he asked, "to make some apology for the denunciations he made a year or two ago?" (on the subject of ANZUS). The shot bounced harmlessly off the frontal armour. "I certainly did not come here this afternoon to make an apology to anyone," said Sir WINSTON—"least of all to you."

Mr. EDEN, who entered shortly after the Prime Minister, to equally cordial cheers, made a broad survey of foreign affairs. He turned the searchlight of his charm on to four-power talks, Trieste, Egypt, Persia, Korea and the Israel-Jordan disturbances, but as it turned out, the only memorable words in his statement were, in speaking of Trieste, "Let me say that no advance notice

was given to either Government," and they chiefly because they were being simultaneously contradicted in Another Place.

The House then went into committee to discuss the Enemy Property Bill, and its deliberations became, in Mr. BARNETT JANNER's words, "very intricate and technical."

Wednesday, October 21

Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON was able to parry most of the questions put to him about

House of Commons:
Transport

British Guiana with the suggestions that the matter had been covered in the Government's White Paper, or alternatively that it would be dealt with in Thursday's debate.



It had not, of course, escaped the House's notice that while Mr. EDEN had been telling them that neither the Italians nor the Yugoslavs had received notice of the proposed action in Trieste, Lord SALISBURY had been telling *his* House that they had had two days' warning. Mr. EDEN, perhaps exhausted by his effort the previous day, was not around, and the heated cries of "affront to the House" and so on fell on the innocent head of Mr. CROOKSHANK. Mr. CROOKSHANK repeatedly and reasonably undertook to tell Mr. EDEN all about it, but he was received with very unreasonable intransigence by the Opposition. As the noble Marquess was, almost at that moment, explaining with admirable candour that he had had a lapse of memory, the heat engendered was largely a waste product.

The debate on the British Transport Commission's 1952 Report was notable, if that word is permissible, for a wavering of the demarcation-line between the parties. Sir FRANK MARKHAM advocated from the Tory benches the reimposition of steel controls for the benefit of the railway-carriage industry; Mr. RUPERT SPEIR condemned his own side's policy in closing branch-lines; the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport himself (as Mr. R. J. MELLISH from the other side was not slow to point out) fell over himself to extol the work of that Socialist creation, the Transport Commission. Meanwhile the Socialists urged that transport should be lifted clear of politics altogether. Few Members were present to listen to these embarrassing moments, and when the time came to vote on the Socialist amendment party loyalties were still strong enough to give the Government a majority of 27.

Meanwhile, outside, the petrol-drivers' strike was on the point of paralyzing road transport altogether.

Thursday, October 22

Dr. Jagan and Mr. Burnham, grinning happily at one another in a gallery more than usually packed with dark faces, can have got little joy from the debate on British Guiana. They

House of Commons:
British Guiana



"Now before we go out will you all please swap shirts with your opposite numbers—there's been another big player-exchange deal."

had met the Leaders of the Opposition the previous night; and these clutched straws (as Mr. JIM GRIFFITHS reported) had asked them if it were true that they were Communists and intended to burn down Georgetown, and had not entirely believed them when they said no. If they felt that the Opposition's amendment was designed to help *them*, and not simply to embarrass the Government in its difficult position, they must soon have been disillusioned. The one thing the entire House was agreed upon was that the People's Progressive Party were, in Mr. THOMAS REID's words, "a thoroughly bad lot."

The Socialist contribution to the argument consisted largely of jibes against the personality of the Colonial Secretary, to whose opening speech they had listened in a constant titter of spiteful hilarity. Virtually the only statesmanlike words from their side came from Mr. MCGOVERN, who found himself unable to vote with his friends (and who, in a charmingly apt *lapsus linguae*, spoke of "Dr. Fagin"); and from Mr. GRIMOND, who led the Liberals in the same direction. The lowest level was reached by Dr. SUMMERSKILL, who yelped at Mr. LYTTELTON "You must remember that we are not Guianese," and later by Mr. ATTLEE, who, serenely disregarding the

behaviour of his friends, accused the Colonial Secretary of "undue flippancy" and making party points. The closing stages of the debate, which Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN wound up most ably for the Government, degenerated at times into an acrimonious exchange of personalities. Perhaps, after all, there was a ray of comfort for Dr. Jagan; if Parliamentary government involved nothing more than a welter of incivilities, perhaps he was right in believing, if he really did, that a totalitarian form of government might be preferable.

The Government secured an above-average majority of 38.

Friday, October 23

A comparatively peaceful atmosphere descended on the House again after the boisterousness of the previous night. The scheduled debate was on the Council of Europe; but first Sir WALTER MONCKTON had to make his announcement about the strike of petrol-truck drivers. It seems that troops breaking unofficial strikes are a less contentious matter than troops guarding the security of the Colonies; at any rate the Opposition accepted Sir WALTER's statement with sympathy and without dispute.

B. A. YOUNG

Hound Trail

BY G. W. STONIER

RARELY going to the Dogs, which quite take the sting out of it, I found myself recently at the Hounds.

Do you know them? They are of that ilk which, with us, mobs foxes, but up there—up in Cumberland—they race the fells.

Almost the first thing that met us meandering in third through Matterdale was this thoroughbred; tall and thin, mild, pale in coffee-and-cream. He was introduced as Wyndham Lad, puppy, and more than a fair chance. One melting look, and the back of the car was his for the afternoon.

The morning—one of those pin-bright mornings, with snail-trails of water on the hills—we had spent castling. Square and strong stood Dacre, but with a farmer tenant. We rang; no answer from those halls where once met the three kings, Athelstan, Constantine, and Owain. Away, we were told, at Butlin's; not for several nights or days would the wireless roar to the rafters.

So off we bounced, forgetting the wild Dacres and a churchyard

mystery of four bears, to talk puppies and maidens, hounds past, present, and to come.

We passed a charabanc, and there they were, crowding into a high field—men, women, and children, in cars or vans, on motor-bikes and on foot, bookies with blackboards, a policeman, a canteen or two, five hundred people in all, with some seventy hounds. These were being walked to and fro, or sheltered under a wall, the afternoon having turned cold. Our own hound was quickly lost in the throng. He might win—this seemed common opinion—but only if he could get over his habit of looking round at the finish. We backed him, not heavily, at 8 to 1.

Then there was a stir, a drift downfield; wild music starting; the runners lined up, each with his owner behind; all eyes on the gate through which after a while would appear the trailer with his aniseed-and-paraffin rag which he has dragged five miles. This course, up hill and down dale, will be covered in under twenty minutes. The trailer slouches up through the grass, and the handkerchief jerks down; they're off, round and past the trailer, over the wall, through the trees, gone. Now's the time to watch odds, crunch pies, swallow scalding tea, and attend the prognostications and sightings of those who know every grass-blade and hound-hair.

We pick up a few things. Most owners are labourers, navvies from the coast. Rules are rigid, each man keeping an eye on the next, but even so there are tricks; witness this small green van dashing off down the road, followed. Hound trails have so gripped the Lakelander that at the height of the season there may be twenty or thirty a week—or none at all, following a bad case of sheep-worrying.

All field-glasses, now, and a telescope are trained on some altitude of the fell behind. Such asides as "The beck'll sort them out" or "Black Diamond's fifth" make us stare, but in vain. We stamp our feet, lean backs to the wind that is

pulling mist over a crag and whisking off the last rents of sunlight. Mayberries in the hedges, and the heather merging with the cut bracken . . . season nearly over . . .

Suddenly, incredibly along the high sky-line are seen specks moving; they descend, silhouettes become dots on the green, flick over a wall, slant down a field with a rock; the rock explodes—sheep, sheep scattering; but the long irregular string of hounds (as one can now just envisage them) trails on, till a near hill intervenes. I swear the leader is light-coloured. Everybody strolls towards that starting-point which is also the finish.

Owners are lined up. Judges clump. The crowd pushes and exclaims. Someone's pointing. "Catchers, on your marks!" and from the waiting rank comes such a caterwauling of yells, whistles, screams, oaths and endearments, with much dancing and fluttering of handkerchiefs, as must surely signal the advent of Mr. Bevan himself.

When the leader is almost up to us he wavers, caught between the hullabaloo ahead and the press behind, seeming quite nonplussed.

"Come on!" I yell, "it's *him*!"

And more wafted than winning he's over. Ten minutes later he sits, cloaked like a granny, in the car.

We are proud, even a little richer, as we drive off with next season's hope—if only he won't *look back*.

I shall return to the Lakes: their wild splendours and veilings, and the obstinate humours of the inhabitants, whose green speech matches their bacon, are not to be resisted. Anyone wishing to substantiate himself with them seems to have a choice of ways. He may grow lean with the hounds, or fat with sheep.

Curiously, what haunts me most is the fell sheep, a very different fellow from your southdown cosies tough, alien, dark, Celtic perhaps; though, as he squats under a rock watching cars pass, the face is Israeli's. With him—and, say, four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine others—would go a nice subsidy of £1,500 a year.



"Try 54 gauge, 30 denier . . ."



"Who's got the teaspoon?"



BOOKING OFFICE

The World on a Nutshell

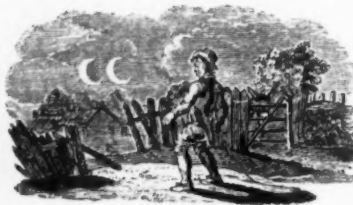
Thomas Bewick. Montague Weekley,
Oxford University Press, 21/-

ONE of the oddities of our history is the way in which the English artistic genius has so often concealed itself in the comparatively modest business of illustrations. We have been so firmly put in our place in this matter of Art by our French and Italian friends, with their astonishing gift for window-dressing, that when shyly referring to some of our major achievements we hardly, for instance, think Blake's illustrations to Thornton's *Vergil* worth mentioning. We are derided for pompous and sparkleless canvases that fetched £3,000 apiece in Victoria's day; but who would not bargain the lot now for one of Charles Keene's innumerable drawings for *Punch*?

Thomas Bewick is the strangest case of all. A thrifty, industrious illustrator of books all his life, he produced the work that is his title to fame as if by the way, without thinking of much but the pleasure it gave him to do it. The wood engravings of birds and beasts with which he adorned the *History of British Birds* and the *History of Quadrupeds* are exquisite, in delicacy of feeling and execution far ahead of anything his predecessors or contemporaries—or for that matter subsequent artists—could produce in this line on the boxwood block; but the tailpieces are the thing.

He has been slow to come into his own, though he was not without honour among his fellow craftsmen and naturalists in his lifetime. (He records a visit from Audubon, the famous American naturalist.) It was Ruskin who first recognized his stature, scathingly observing that the pundits of the day ignored him because he could only draw pigs and not Aphrodites. He called him the Burns of painting, but he seems to me nearer to Crabbe, and—if it were not that he has a strong vein of wry humour—even Wordsworth. It was

his feeling for truth to nature that appealed to Ruskin so strongly, and indeed appeals to us to-day. By perfecting the utmost skill in minute execution, beyond what had been thought possible before, he managed to suggest all the varying textures of plumage and fur and foliage, and all the moods of nature, stormy skies and swollen floods; still, sunny fields in



summer and the cool shade of bosky undergrowth—and all in black and white on a surface not more than a few inches square. And the creatures themselves: you almost expect some of the birds to cock their heads at you out of the page and spread their wings. When he failed, it was always because he had not observed them personally: some of the more exotic animals have the fabulous look of the mediæval bestiaries, but such lapses are as rare as they are entertaining.

Bewick was jointly responsible for publication of the books with his partner Ralph Beilby, and they seem to have worked in perfect harmony. How lucky we are that no interfering outside publisher told him to stick to strict illustration; for it is in the vignettes that come at the end of the chapters, whenever there is space to be filled, that his genius flowered. They are the simplest comments on the life of the countryside around him in his beloved Northumberland, but done with such

naturalness and such perceptiveness, such an eye for the chances of tragedy and comedy in the everyday scene, that we almost believe we have been with him on his walks and rides and know all the pleasures, the squalor and the pathos we would have met with a hundred and fifty years ago. An old roadman wielding his pick on a heap of stones at a cross-roads—a group of children building a snowman in a field, with a horse looking over a fence and a cottage (his cottage) behind—a beggar, by the look of him an old soldier of the Napoleonic wars, keeping a watchdog at bay outside a farmhouse—a man on a horse fording a swollen stream, with his dog swimming ahead—such observations haunt us with an unforgettable peasant poetry. And there are others in which a vein of macabre fancy appears—a small black devil whipping a man in a cart on to his doom, or the shapes of bushes and rocks turning into monstrous presences to a belated traveller at night. He was sturdy enough to relish everything he saw, and some of the vignettes shocked his contemporaries by their coarse peasant humour—but after all, even to-day there are few conveniences in farmyards or on lonely country roads.

How did it all come about? Bewick has given us the answer himself, in the *Memoir* which his new biographer, Mr. Montague Weekley, has drawn on freely (and rightly): it reveals a boyhood of wild ecstatic freedom, impatient of



all restraints including incessant beatings, on the countryside round Newcastle. Nature entered into Bewick's spirit as it entered into Wordsworth's and Edward Thomas's with that deep fermenting activity out of which works of genius are made. Unfortunately it also reveals its author as a moralizing old bore, the more aggressively boring the further he progresses from the enchanted childhood. It is not important, however, beside the achievement. No more satisfying technique for associating illustrations with type than wood engraving has ever been found; Bewick has had many distinguished followers in the modern revival of the craft, but he remains the prince of them all; an English Peter Brueghel of the tailpiece.

JOHN LEHMANN

Charles Dickens. Edgar Johnson. *Gollancz*, 2 Vols., £3 10s.

Few biographers can possess the patience with which Mr. Johnson, an American in love with his subject, has waded through the entire mass of Dickens material, some of it hitherto unpublished. Apart from a few unnecessary howlers, such as moving the *Punch* office to Whitechapel and making Douglas Jerrold editor, it is a comprehensive account, written lucidly though without distinction, very well arranged and annotated.

The criticism of the novels, sensibly placed chronologically, is sometimes perceptive, sometimes strangely ponderous. Mr. Johnson tends to take the solemn view, and for this reason fails to do justice to Dickens's comic genius. His other main weakness is his often grotesque distortion of Victorian society, seeing it through left-wing spectacles as a chaotic three-decker of parasitic aristocrats, brutal employers and exploited poor, and seeing Dickens, who remained obstinately middle-class in spite of being a burning radical, as a far too unbalanced crusader against wealth and privilege. He fought inhumanity, but he had no objection to getting rich or to putting his son with Barings.

E. O. D. K.

London Furniture Makers, 1660-1840. Ambrose Heal. *Batsford*, 6 guineas

In recent times a considerable number of Stuart and Georgian cabinet-makers have emerged from obscurity to challenge the prominence of the few celebrities to whom all the furniture of the golden age was formerly credited. Who outside the small circle of specialists would be likely to know that many hundreds of upholsterers' and cabinet-makers' "trade-cards"—fragile printed and engraved advertisements—would survive the hazards of more than two centuries?

Drawing upon his unique collection and other contemporary sources, Sir Ambrose Heal in this beautifully produced volume lists the

names of over two thousand of these craftsmen. Brief but interesting notes are provided on the more important; while as for the rank and file there is at least a chance that a signed bill may turn up and the maker of a piece of furniture be identified by reference to these pages. But it is the admirable reproductions of the engraved cards which, save for specialists (to whom it will be indispensable), constitute the chief attractions of this fascinating volume. The finest of them date from round about 1750, little masterpieces of rococo fantasy.

R. E.

The Gourmet Cook Book. Hamish Hamilton, 70/-

An anthology of recipes which have appeared in the American periodical *Gourmet*, and a valuable, if physically ponderous, contribution to the literature of the kitchen. The editors rightly assume that for a gourmet no trouble or expense is wasted if it brings a dish nearer perfection, and they have included coloured photographs, helpful to cooks and bringing water to the mouths of all but the most ascetic readers. The book opens with a sensible and encouraging memo to the cook, which, while deploring "false economy in materials," reminds us that many a culinary masterpiece was invented because one bottle was full and another empty.

We are urged to cook our best by such reminders as "the rich dark meat of grouse needs only brief cooking to bring it to a perfect state of juicy doneness." After such a grouse *Pêches à la Romaine* would be a well-chosen close to a gourmet's meal. *Moussaka à la Turque* is an excellent recipe for a gourmet with a cold leg of lamb on his hands. The chapter on preserving includes nasturtium vinegar, gingered pears and pickled water-melon balls in grenadine syrup. While for gourmets of the Wild West there are recipes for bear and bison.

V. G. P.

Gigi and The Cat. Colette. *Secker and Warburg*, 10/6

In spite of gallant efforts on the part of Mr. Roger Senhouse in *Gigi*, and Miss Antonia White in *The Cat*, Madame Colette remains virtually untranslatable. The former of these stories describes how the fifteen-year-old daughter of a family of *grandes cocottes* defeats the determination of her relations to establish her in the same career as themselves; the latter sketches in the breakdown of a marriage, which founders on the young wife's objection to her husband's affection for his cat, Saha.

Full of worldly wisdom, sentimentality, adroitness of phrase, and also a certain inner cruelty of approach, Madame Colette writes, as it were, between inverted commas. She is like a brilliant actress who asks us to recognize how well she acts but never



One of the drawings from "Starke and Unashamed." Leslie Starke (Reinhardt, 7/6)

carries us away into forgetfulness of the stage. Entertaining and well observed, her stories bear the reader rattling along; but in English their artificiality is more noticeable than in the more noiseless speed of the French.

A. P.

A Law for the Lion. Louis Auchincloss. *Gollancz*, 12/6

The daughter of an amusing, raffish divorcee is married to a go-getting lawyer in a big New York firm. Hostile and teasing, the mother suggests to her son-in-law that his wife's friendship with a young war-novelist is not as maternal and platonic as everyone considers it. He taxes her and in revulsion she allows his suspicions to come true. In the divorce court. . . One has already begun to cast it. The comedy is never very funny, the sad bits are never a threat to one's composure, but it would make just the kind of play the characters could bear to be seen at. Events flip by too fast for the reader to become bored or over-inquisitive and the minor characters neatly conduct sub-plots. The careful distribution of the people among psychological types, the odd bits of information about marks of status among American lawyers, the hint of profundity in the heroine's reflections on divorce, the sheer high-mindedness of the adultery, all add to this accomplished entertainment; but what a waste of talent it all is.

R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY

Blind Man's Buff (St. Martin's)
The Snow is Black
(New Watergate)

THERE are very few visionary gleams from the yellow river in *Blind Man's Buff*, although Mr. DENIS JOHNSTON was one of the

collaborators. The other, in 1936, was Herr ERNST TOLLER, on whose earlier and rather different play, *The Blind Goddess*, it appears to have been based. Certainly there is no room in this tensely factual whodunit morality for a mad aunt carrying her bicycle downstairs.

The play is about an Irish doctor accused of poisoning his nagging wife, and its second act provides one of those well-staged court scenes which are among the few gilt-edged securities in the theatre. The doctor has complicated his defence by calling to his wife's death-bed the chief cause of the nagging, a woman doctor who had earlier been his mistress. By the tactic of ignoring the character of a perjured witness for the prosecution his counsel contrives to keep his infidelity out of the case; but in the box the doctor loses his temper and the legal trick is spoiled. In the last act the authors produce a couple of unexpected twists, one forensic and one strictly human, to save his life and yet teach him a salutary lesson.

The trial scene grows steadily in excitement. Mr. NEWTON BLICK's marvellously pedantic and leisurely judge, and the opposing counsel of Mr. DOUGLAS WILMER and Mr. HUGH MANNING, all seem exactly right; and Mr. ROBERT QUENTIN's production of it is admirable. It is not his fault that the extraordinary behaviour of one of the chief witnesses, an exceedingly unscientific scientist, goes entirely unexplained by the authors, although it has a vital bearing on the plot. But his handling of the other two acts is

much less satisfactory, the characters being deployed without decision, and the final point of the play left flat. Mr. DENNIS PRICE makes the doctor a duller dog than he need have been, but both he and Miss ELIZABETH ALLAN present an involved situation fairly enough. The good part of the honest State solicitor fits Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS well, and the old cowman is richly played by Mr. WILFRID BRAMBELL.

Some of M. GEORGES SIMENON's novels I have read with pleasure, but by *The Snow is Black* I was baffled and bored. My impression is that M. SIMENON has been reading Kafka in a hurry. The play gains nothing by being dreadfully outspoken. Its hero, a youth whose emotions seem to have been deep-frozen by a rather unsuitable upbringing in his mother's brothel—of which we are treated to an ample slab—takes to murder and is run in by the secret police of an occupying army. After a stoutish gentleman in uniform has slapped his face and retired for no given reason in tears, his interrogation is resumed by a thinner one in mufti who has previously come forward as an omniscient compère to try to help us to a closer understanding of the author's carefully hidden message.

The game of fatuous question and poker-faced answer goes on and on with a minimum of drama, until at last the boy is visited by a girl whose seduction he has arranged in particularly unpleasant circumstances. Improbably, I thought, she brings her

father to say how sorry they both are about it all. At this the prisoner is suffused with joy, and then led away to the firing-squad. Perhaps this is supposed to be very beautiful. Translated by Miss KITTY BLACK, this pretentious little piece is acted with moderate force, and produced by Mr. NORMAN MARSHALL.

Recommended

The King and I (Drury Lane) takes musicals back, mildly but significantly, to Victorian sentiment. *Anastasia* (St. James's) is a romantic play with distinguished acting, and *As Long as They're Happy* (Garrick) an unusually intelligent farce.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Intruder

Androcles and the Lion

A VALUABLE quality very hard to explain makes *The Intruder* (Director: GUY HAMILTON) highly enjoyable. I have tried to explain it before, though not recently (it doesn't turn up as often as that): the quality that keeps one absorbed and alert with a kind of active, deliberate appreciation, as it were mentally leaning forward and eagerly seizing on fresh pleasure, so that the end comes too soon.

To say this is rash; some readers will no doubt find it meaningless or in this instance unjustified. But I think a great many will enjoy *The Intruder* in the same way as I enjoyed it.

First we have to get rid of the people who judge everything by a set of labour-saving rules, one of which is that flashbacks are anathema. There are quite a number of flashbacks here: the whole point of the piece is made by means of flashbacks. But they are ingeniously led into and out of the framework of the narrative, they are as admirably done as the rest of it, they are perfectly in key, and there seems to me no reason for considering them as separate phenomena any more than (say) close-ups, or night scenes, or shots that last more than half a minute.

The film is based on ROBIN MAUGHAM's novel *Line on Ginger*, and the story concerns the efforts of an ex-colonel (JACK HAWKINS) to discover why a man he remembers as a brave and cheerful soldier (MICHAEL MEDWIN) should have turned into a resentful, suspicious thief. The flashbacks are to mutual war-time experiences in a tank regiment, and they are introduced as the colonel goes about looking up the other men involved and finding out what they know.

This allows for a great variety of mood and scene, for the men are very different characters and each has had years to settle into his own kind of



(Blind Man's Buff

Liam Poer—Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS; Dr. Anice Hollingshead—Miss ELIZABETH ALLAN
Dr. Frank Chavasse—Mr. DENNIS PRICE
Dominick Mapother—Mr. WILFRID BRAMBELL



[The Intruder

Ex-Colonel Merton—JACK HAWKINS

civilian life; and there is the perpetual entertainment of comparison and recollection as we return, as to a keynote, to the war episodes in North Africa, Italy and Normandy. Mr. MEDWIN excellently takes his first real acting chance, Mr. HAWKINS holds the piece together with his usual authority, there are innumerable well-played bit parts; but that quality I mentioned at first comes above all from a well-done script, brisk, clever direction, and attractive camera-work. Highly recommended.

The interesting thing about *Androcles* and the *Lion* (Director: CHESTER ERSKINE) is that the mood is quite often right. All sorts of other things may strike one as wrong—people near me when I saw the film were demonstratively amused by the American accent in some of the dialogue, as if that were something to criticize (after all, even assuming that the personages concerned had really spoken English, SHAW almost certainly heard them in his mind speaking with a Northern Irish accent, not a Southern English one)—but the odd, mischievous, fantastic atmosphere in which early Christians can be shown singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" often comes over perfectly well.

I suppose they'll attract a certain number of people with the ludicrous announcement used in some of the publicity: "Flaming story of history's most fabulous era!"—as if the thing were on the same lines as *Quo Vadis*. I suppose some audiences will be dim-witted enough to take it on that level, and feel vaguely dissatisfied that the "romance" isn't more passionate and the spectacle more impressive. But it is really a magnified squib, full of amusing nonsense that merely loses its point with the attempt to make it circumstantially credible. The most successful scenes are those that look most artificial, and the most successful characters those (like MAURICE EVANS as Caesar) who have the most unemotionally facetious things to say.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Long-heralded, much-discussed, *The Heart of the Matter* is now in London; more about it next week. *Albert R.N.* (21/10/53) is worth seeing; and *Shane* (16/9/53) and *La Minute de Vérité* (23/9/53) continue.

Shane is also among the releases, and the only one I would much recommend except for the short nature film *Water Birds* that is going about with *The Sword and the Rose* (which I wouldn't recommend at all).

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET



Grete Wiesenthal's

Vienna Ballet (PRINCES)

IT is time the impresarios came to terms with the public on the meaning they attach to the word "ballet." The first appearance in London of the Vienna Ballet is a case in point. It was heralded as "world famous," which was a shade tactless, seeing that the British *balletomane* is well aware that London is the cosmic centre of ballet this side of the Iron Curtain and is inclined to be nettled if he is not, as it were, consulted about the bestowal of world titles. Moreover it was stated in a matter-of-fact way that Mme. WIESENTHAL had done for Vienna what Diaghilev had done for St. Petersburg and Ninette de Valois for London. If our *balletomane* was a little guarded about not having heard so much as a whisper about these Viennese splendours he was correspondingly relieved when, by way of substantiating her claim, Mme. WIESENTHAL was seen to rely solely on the talent of six young ladies of Vienna—young ladies well matched in height and charm and girlish desire to please. He was relieved because his reputation for being at home, conversationally, in the opera houses of Manhattan and Europe was spared.

The opening programme consisted of eleven short items of dance interspersed with musical interludes. They were performed in curtains and for the most part in simple dresses. There was no question of the grace of the dancers and their agreeable sense of rhythm; and when it came to the waltzes of Johann Strauss, Aquinasian archangels on the point of a needle could not have done better. But the waltz with neither shoes nor male partners is not the waltz as Strauss begat it.

The company's addiction to bare feet is, perhaps, symbolic of the emancipation from the classical technique which Mme. WIESENTHAL set herself to complete by forming her own company. But naturalistic motions of arms and legs soon either exhaust the dancer's vocabulary, or land her into *grotesquerie* which is embarrassingly savourless in an Adamless context. Allegorical pieces which can do without male impersonators, such as *Death and the Maiden*, done to the second movement of Schubert's quartet in D minor, and *The Banner*, in which, to a Chopin *étude*, a banner is proudly borne to death by believers in an unspecified cause, presumably illustrate Mme. WIESENTHAL's intention to "translate and interpret musical feelings in movement and pose."

Such unrelated scraps are not the ordinary man's notion of ballet.

C. B. MORTLOCK

ON THE AIR



Al Read and Others

OVER the years the specialists in sound radio have evolved their own lofty principles of "good broadcasting," partly in self-defence against the embarrassing findings of the listener research team, and partly to sustain the mystery of their craft. "Good broadcasting" like "good theatre" is a strange concoction to the outsider, the ordinary listener, for it can be explained only in the professional jargon of the experts and deals with the techniques of production rather than the pleasures or otherwise of consumption. A talk is good, in the professional sense, if it observes all the rules of the game—an arresting introduction, two minutes of statement, three of development and illustration, a short break for "revision of imagery," two minutes of amplification, a spot of recapitulation and a final "message" or a provocative word or two to start you talking. Something like that. A variety show is "good" if its structure is technically orthodox and appropriately "balanced." A documentary is "good" if the mixture of hard fact, "personality" (I apologize for the superfluity of quotes) and instruction makes up according to the standard prescription. And so on.

But the specialists in sound radio

are changing their tune. "Good broadcasting" now has to compete with television, and the old code is being revised to meet the requirements of a buyers' market. A sound broadcast is now considered worth while only when it manages to discourage comparisons with TV. If Lime Grove with its snatches of film, its Council of Industrial Design *décor*, its broad chalky grins and décolletage can do the job better than Portland Place, then the sound wallahs are prepared to admit defeat.

The serial thriller? No, leave it to TV. Music? That's ours. Ludwig Koch? Ditto. Housewives' Choice? Ditto. Newsreel? No, theirs. Cabaret? Lime Grove. Shaw, Ibsen, Pinero? Ours, very much so! Al Read? Ours.

Yes, Al Read is undoubtedly a steam radio comic. His humour—chiefly the humour of recognition—depends for its success on the listener's ability to supply his own personal and private imagery to accompany the sound-track of cliché situations and chatter. Translate Read's homely characters into routine, common denominative screen types and half the fun would disappear. I have my own very clear idea of the man who says "I thought—'ello!" and "Right, monkey!" and I am quite sure that the casting department of Lime Grove could never do justice to him. Dickens cannot be converted into good theatre or film: nor could Tommy Handley, say, or the late Mona Lott, or Ted Ray, or Al Read.

The "Al Read Show" is a delicious experience for all who have an eye for

character and an ear for the freshly unearthed cliché. There is no heavy underlining of the comic situation, no conventional broadening of rich northern accents: Read delivers his script as Al Read and allows the listener to make much or little of his clever literary levity. In small doses he is irresistible.

The TV experts have so far learned very little from the experiences of their colleagues at Portland Place. They still take all the world as their oyster, refuse to accept the limitations of the medium and as a result put their feet into it as boldly as a docker on a

guano boat. Not long ago we had Bernard Braden trying to convert the old Leacock gem "My Financial Career" into a television sketch, and failing lamentably. Poor Leacock! Then last week we had the first of a new series of "International Survey," with a script (by Alan Bullock and Chester Wilmot) made to measure for the Home Service but impossibly stodgy before the bright lights and cameras. A map, a few film sequences and a couple of faces added to a sensible and instructive radio talk cannot be expected to engender catalysis and good television. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

ON THE COVER



1. Mr. Clement Davies. 2. Lord Salisbury. 3. Mrs. Braddock. 4. Mr. James Griffiths. 5. Mr. Sydney Silverman. 6. Mr. Geoffrey Bing. 7. Mr. Patrick Buchanan-Hepburn. 8. Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith. 9. Mr. Walter Elliot. 10. Lady Tweedsmuir. 11. Sir William Darling. 12. Sir Waldron Smithers. 13. Capt. Harry Crookshank. 14. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. 15. Miss Florence Horsbrugh. 16. Mr. Anthony Eden. 17. Sir Winston Churchill. 18. Mr. R. A. Butler. 19. Dr. Charles Hill. 20. Mr. Harold Macmillan. 21. Sir David Eccles. 22. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe. 23. Mr. Herbert Morrison. 24. Mr. Clement Attlee. 25. Mr. Aneurin Bevan. 26. Mr. Ian Mikardo. 27. Mr. Tom Driberg. 28. Miss Jennie Lee. 29. Mr. Richard Crossman. 30. Mr. Hugh Gaitskell. 31. Mr. Emanuel Shinwell. 32. Dr. Hugh Dalton. 33. Mr. John Strachey. 34. Lord Woolton. 35. Dr. Edith Summerskill.



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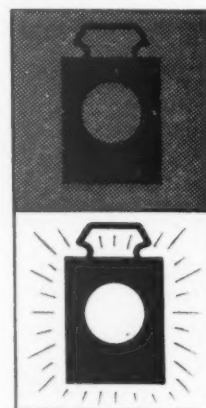
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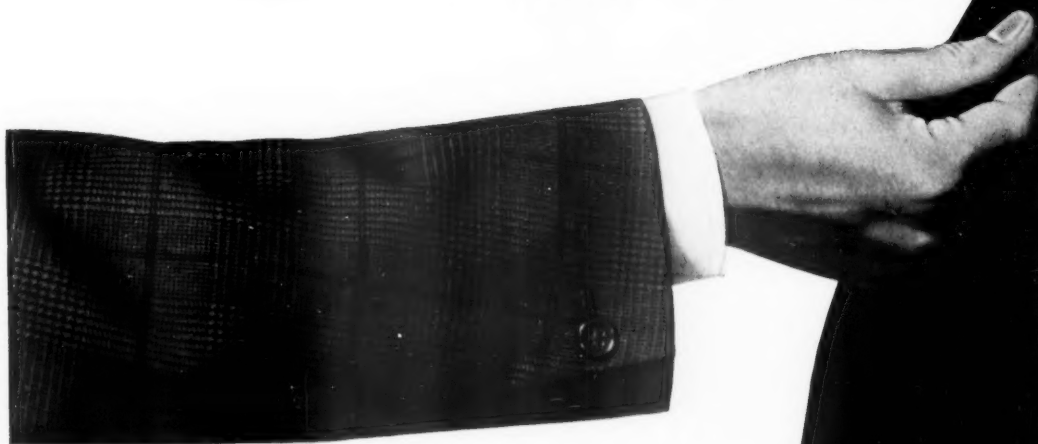
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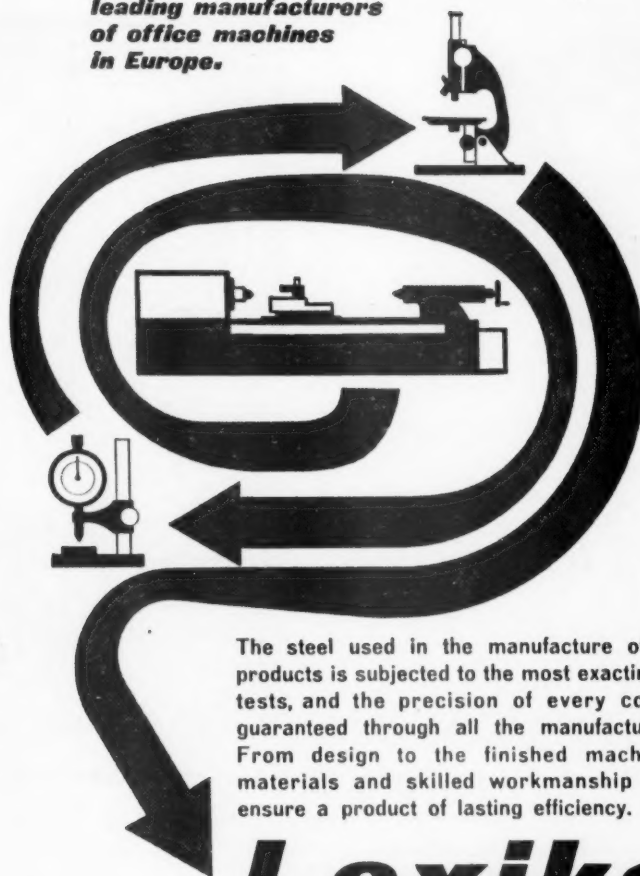
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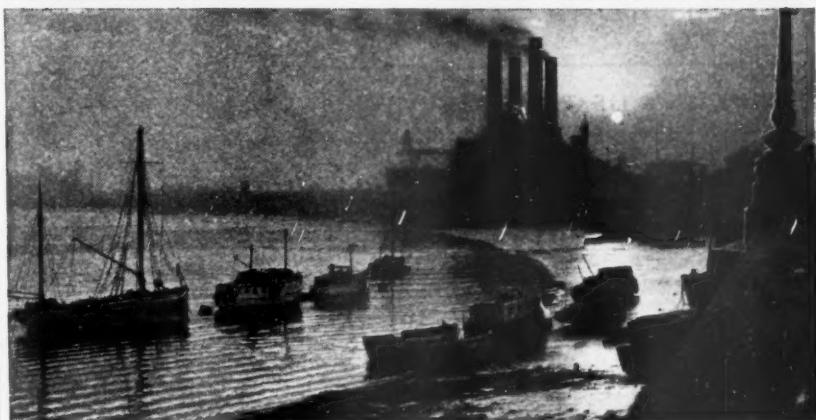
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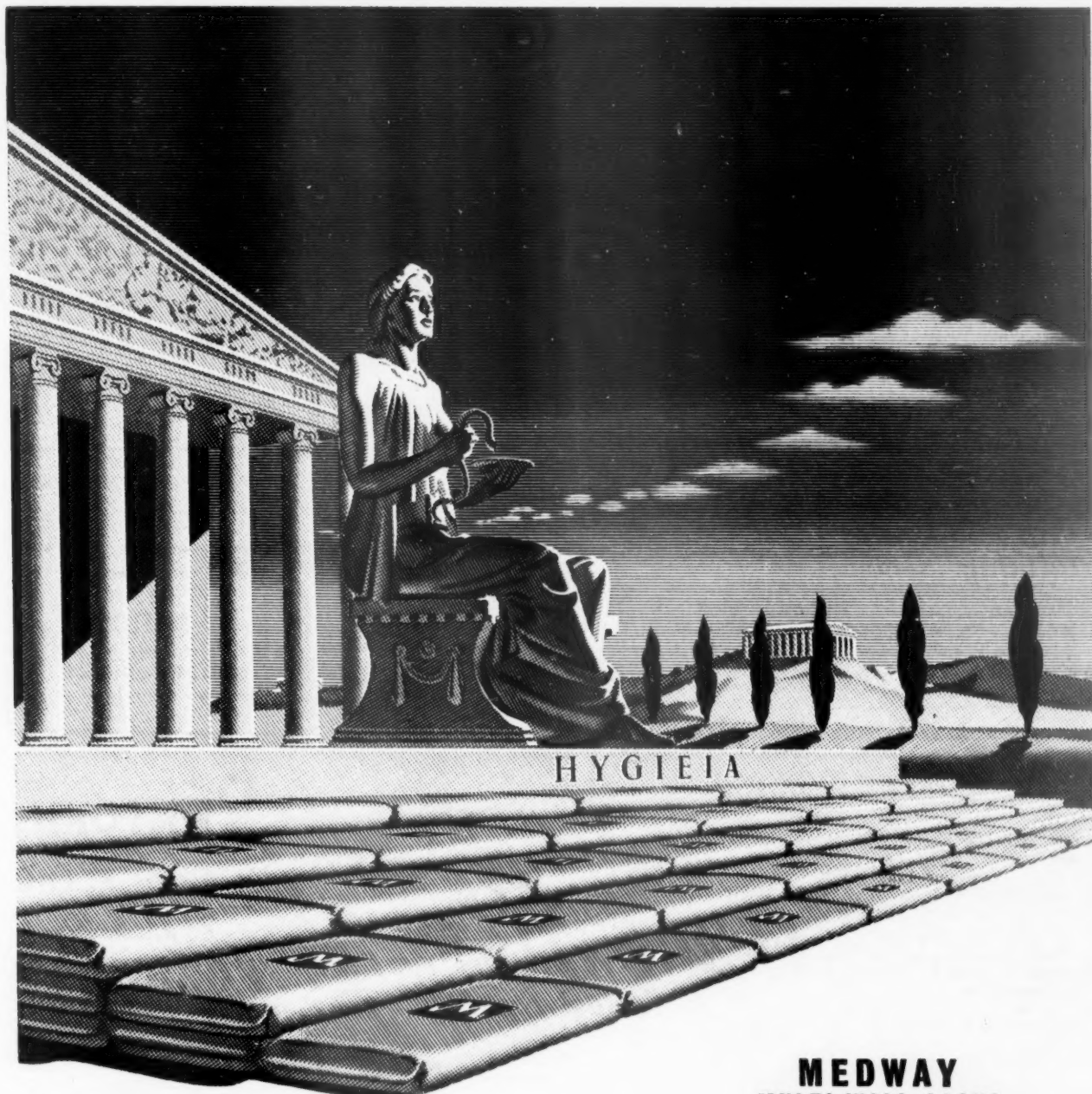
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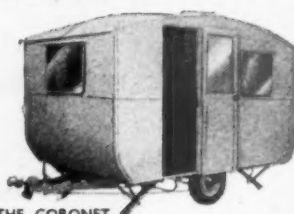
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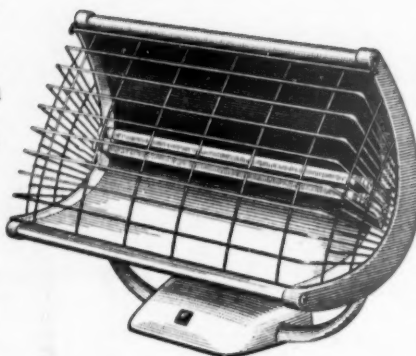


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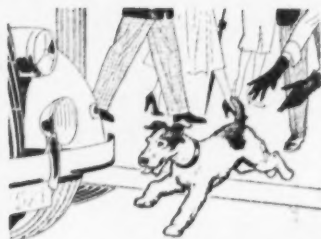
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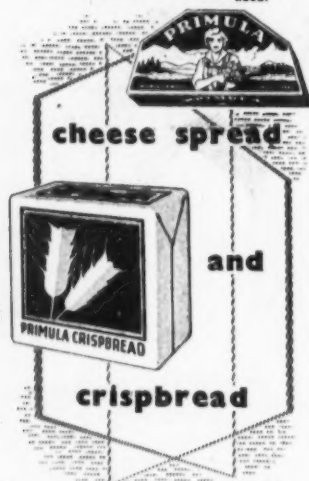
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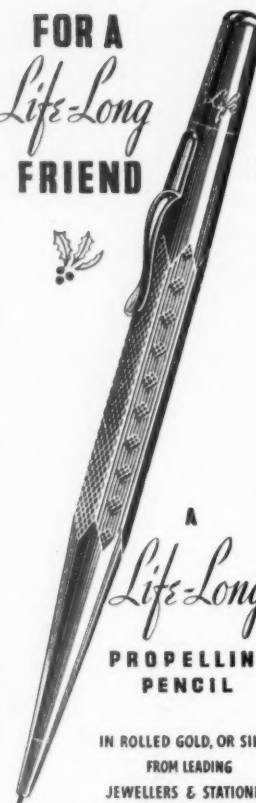
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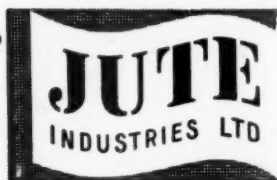
brings
home the
bacon



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Clear, bright eyes, lovely coat, he's a credit to the whole family.

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Three Nuns
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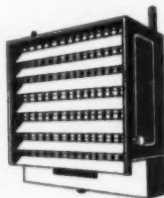
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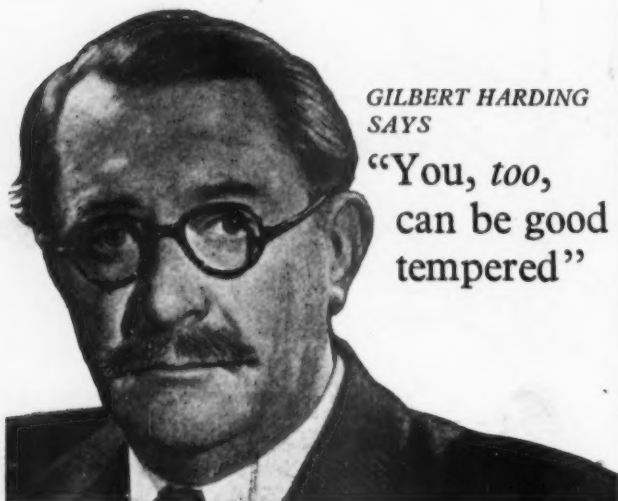
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"You, too,
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Utter nonsense what they say about my temper. I'm the mildest man in the world, so long as I'm wearing a comfortable pair of Norvic "foot-like" shoes. They give me complete foot freedom and they feature a special last which follows the natural shape of the foot.

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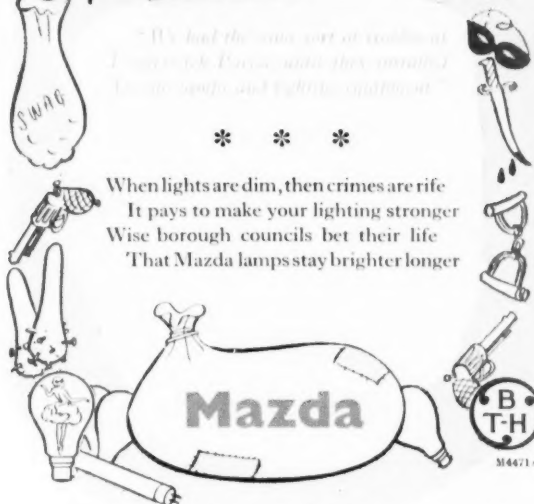
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"It's hard the same sort of trouble at
I can't be sure, but they might be
the same sort of trouble at night."

* * *

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Wise borough councils bet their life
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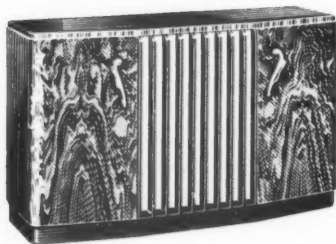
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